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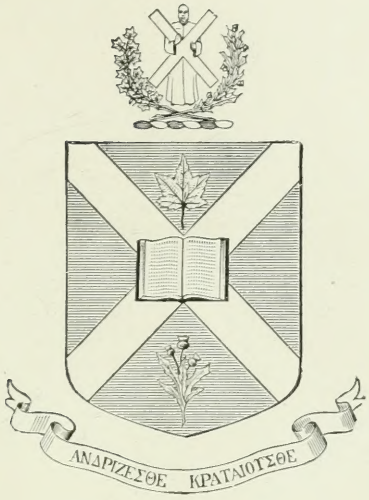

MIDSUMMER 1910.

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St. Andrew's College Review

MIDSUMMER, 1910

KING EDWARD THE SEVENTH

NOT dissimilar in its wonderful dignity to the passing of the great Arthur was the death of our own beloved King—Edward the Seventh. The farewell words of our dying monarch were almost an echo of those spoken by the ancient king as his funeral barge sailed away to the island—Valley of Avilion:

"The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
And God fulfils Himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.
Comfort thyself: what comfort is in me?
I have lived my life, and that which I have done
May He within Himself make pure!"

In the brief retrospect of his life allowed him by his tragically brief illness, King Edward was able to look back with a sense of completeness upon a reign all too fleeting, but in which he had dedicated himself to the discharge of a sacred duty.

His eulogies have been many. The great number of foreign potentates assembled to do honor to his memory was but one of many tributes to the worthiness of the peacemaker. In his exalted position he escaped entirely the political enmity that harasses the life of sovereigns and renders uneasy the head that wears a crown. Royal by birth, he was a commoner in sympathy; his love for his subjects made him one in that great universal brotherhood which embraces peer and peasant alike. His faithfulness, his generosity, his approachableness touched in the heart of the British people a chord that vibrated at his death in a great and personal sorrow.

The King is dead, but long he will reign in the heart of every living Britisher, while the history of our Empire will hand down to future ages the life of one of her greatest and kindliest monarchs

To the beautiful and revered Queen-Mother the sympathy of all nations has been offered and will be gratefully tendered so long as she is spared to recall the short but glorious reign of Edward the Peacemaker and his beloved Queen.

C. W.

Editorial.

"Life glides away like a brook
Forever changing, unperceived the change;
In the same brook none ever bathed him twice,
To the same life none ever twice awoke."

UTUMN, Easter and Midsummer have again measured a school year—a year that, though outwardly past, has been active in shaping each of us, and now is of our very natures.

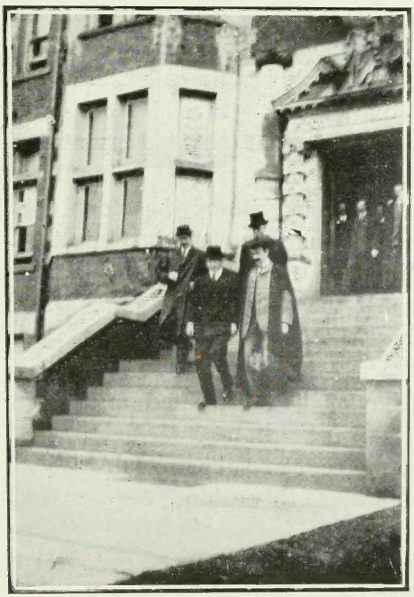
Judged by external standards, namely, those of the examination, the results have proved the year a success, for the averages attained have been the highest in the history of the school. But while work is the most important feature of school life, and that which most determines after-success, there are many other things determines after-success, there are many other things, care, but yet have been profoundly affected by and for each of us. "No man liveth to himself." The gift of fellowship is the peculiar treasure of student days. Close association with many of common interests, yet of varying characteristics, brings a benefit that outmeasures anything like it at any other time of life.

So, not only may the memory of these friendships be pleasant to think upon, but of it, whatever is true and manly, may that make us generous in nature and above petty meanness; glad of life that is ours, and eager to make the most of it; large in plan, and unyielding in the will to achieve that purpose. *Acquit ye like men.*

"One equal temper of heroic hearts,
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield."

THE presence of a man whose strength and courage have accomplished so much in the world of activity is a splendid inspiration. For this reason we were happy in having, as a visitor this term, Sir Ernest Shackleton. We were greatly impressed by his remarks and would quote the following:

"You boys in a few years will be grown up, and the destiny of this great country rests in your hands. You have here the carrying out of what your forefathers started years ago. Strong and upright men are needed to make Canada the greatest nation in the world. Some day in the future you will remember I spoke to you, and don't forget that it rests with you whether you make good or not. Don't look on your masters as enemies, but as friends, and be loyal to them My men obeyed my orders, and unless you learn at your age to obey you never can command. I don't want to preach, but I was a boy once myself, and experience has taught me a lot of things. You may never go to the Antarctic, but the prospects for the youth of this country are wonderful. Remember our flag, our country, and our future."



Stephen's Photo

Sir Ernest Shackleton

Contributed Articles.

"THE CURSE OF THE RAVEN"

THE order to "Cast off" has been given, and the busy little tugs have commenced to warp the huge "Empress" from the docks to start her on her long ocean voyage. Of the people on the wharf, some were laughing, some crying, others mournfully waving their handkerchiefs to their friends who were leaving for the "colonies."

After seeing that my luggage was all right, and changing my straw hat for a cap, I went up on deck to view this cosmopolitan scene. One man among the crowd on the promenade deck aroused my curiosity. His tall military figure was somewhat stooped, his face and hands were darkly sunburned, and I at once concluded that he was a soldier, lately returned from Egypt or India. The thing about him, however, that arrested my attention was his worn-out, nervous look. From time to time he would glance around in a hunted way. He reminded me of the story of Damocles and the Sword, as by his actions one would think that he momentarily suspected some disaster.

I had not yet met the man with whom I was to share cabin 34, and was wondering who it would be, as I was dressing for dinner. Judge my surprise when the door opened and in walked the man whose strange behavior had attracted my attention a few hours previous—the man with the hunted look.

After the first moment of surprise I held out my hand, saying, "I believe we are to share this cabin. My name is Richards, George Richards."

"Glad to meet you," said the stranger. "I am Jack Sheldon, late lieutenant in the 10th Bengal Lancers."

At dinner we found ourselves both at the same table, and sitting next to each other. During the voyage we became quite chummy, and were together most of the time, but wherever we were Sheldon never lost his hunted look. He seemed on the verge of a nervous

break-down. Naturally my curiosity was aroused, but not until a fourth day out did I hear his story.

We were sitting together on the hurricane deck. It was a dull, foggy night, a little sea was running, and few people were about. It was here that he told me his story, and it certainly was one of the most gruesome and mysterious tales I have ever heard.

* * * * *

My story starts, Sheldon began, on one sultry evening about a year ago. Some five of us were sitting on the verandah of the Colonel's bungalow, sipping the Colonel's whiskey and soda, smoking his cigarettes, and swearing mildly and viciously by turns at the multitude of mosquitoes and black flies that swarmed about us and dined sumptuously on our hands and faces.

The Colonel, by way of entertaining his guests, had engaged the services of a certain native magician, named Bassara Singh, to perform in front of his bungalow that evening. This Bassara Singh was reputed to be one of the most wonderful magicians in the country. Among his other accomplishments he was said to be the master of a mysterious power, whereby anyone who incurred his wrath, whoever they might be, would die at no very distant date and the print of a raven's foot would inevitably be found on the body. This power was known and dreaded as the "Curse of the Raven," and rumor had it that his French wife, who had attempted to run away from him, had died mysteriously at Delhi, and on her forehead was the print of a raven's foot.

It was about half-past eight when Bassara Singh hove in sight. He was accompanied by his daughter, who carried his wonder-working paraphernalia, and no sooner had my eyes rested on her divine face and form than I was enraptured. To say she was beautiful would be but a poor description of her—she was heavenly. Being of a tall and slender build, she was possessed of that gracefulness of carriage which characterizes her race. Her face was so finely featured that, had it not been for the flowing black hair and loosely fitting robes which she wore, she might easily have passed for a Parisian beauty.

Bassara Singh at once commenced his performance, but I had no eyes for his tricks, my whole mind seemed fastened on the beautiful apparition before me. And once, when her father put her in a basket and plunged his sword in it three or four times I started from my chair, and had not Rea—for such was her name—appeared

at that moment from a cloud of smoke something out of the ordinary would have happened.

When the performance was over I bade the Colonel good-night and walked to my bungalow, but, try as I would, I could not forget the beautiful Rea. Never had any woman affected me like this before: at work or at play, asleep or awake, my thoughts and dreams were all of her.

Well, to cut a long story short, I married her. Several times while her father was absent, through the agency of my native servant, she allowed me to call on her. I soon persuaded her to elope with me, and, against the advice of my brother officers, who warned me of her father's terrible power, I bought my dismissal, we were married in Bombay, and a few hours later sailed for England.

After leaving India I thought we were safe from the curses of Bassara Singh. But not so. At Cadiz, Ahmed, my trusty servant, who had aided our elopement, was found dead on the quay, and as we ran up to his side imagine my horror to see a jet-black raven rise from the corpse, which plainly bore evidence that the bird had been pecking at the face. Here at Cadiz, hundreds of miles from India, this mysterious curse makes its appearance.

As quickly as we could we got ready and left Cadiz on the next P. & O. steamer. We reached England safely and I rented a small villa on the outskirts of London.

After three weeks' residence in England I began to forget the "Curse of the Raven." We were so far away from India, and in this metropolis, with policemen all about us, I felt sure that we were out of Bassara Singh's power.

One afternoon, after we had been in the country about a month, we had just come home from a visit to an old friend, when my wife complained of a faint dizziness. She lay down, but, instead of improving, her condition rapidly became worse, and within an hour she had developed a raging fever. By this time the doctor had arrived, but he seemed at a loss to diagnose the case, so, sending for a nurse, he promised to call in the morning, and left.

My poor wife was soon in a wild delirium; tossing from side to side, she would alternately shriek and call aloud in her native tongue. At times she became uncontrollable, and it was all the nurse and myself could do to hold her down. Towards morning she

grew calmer and spoke one or two rational words; however, she seemed to be getting weaker momentarily.

An hour or so later it became apparent to me that the end was near, all traces of the mysterious fever had left her, and she lay back calm and peaceful, gazing absently at me with those large, frightened eyes, which had so fascinated me that fatal night in front of the Colonel's bungalow.

The sun rose over the great city in the distance, flooding the chamber with its early morning glory and driving to shame the lamp that flickered beside the death-bed.

Suddenly my wife started from her pillow, her beautiful face distorted with terror, and crying aloud, "The raven, the raven!" Turning to the window, I was horrified to see a huge black raven perched on the sill; as I looked it dismally flapped its wings and flew away. I turned to my wife—she was dead. And, horrible to relate, there on her fair brow, now so peaceful in death, was the print of a raven's foot!

After burying my wife, I decided to leave for Canada, and lose myself amongst its dense forests and boundless prairies, and there forget and escape the terrible "Curse of the Raven."

For some minutes neither of us spoke, the silence only being broken by the throbbing of the engines, far down in the bowels of the ship, and occasionally by strains of the Intermezzo from "Cavaleria Rusticana," which were wafted to us from the open skylights of the music-room.

I hailed a passing steward and ordered two brandies. As we slowly sipped the stimulant I mentally resolved to stand by this unfortunate man, who, by his rashness, had brought upon himself this terrible curse.

* * * * *

It was early morning on the last day of the voyage, and we were steaming slowly up the St. Lawrence, our fog-horn, every now and again, sending its raucous blast through the morning mist, to warn the numerous fishing and trading craft of the approach of the great liner.

Even at that early hour a throng had gathered on the promenade deck, some to get a breath of fresh air, some eager to see the land which was to be their new home, and others were there to partake of their morning constitutional—a convention which they

had practised so long that such a slight inconvenience as a rolling deck could not break.

"Help! Help! Man overboard!" The terrible cry sounded along the decks: for a moment everyone stood still, as if frozen, and gazed at one another in a bewildered way, then with one accord they turned and rushed to the railing, filled with the morbid desire to see some unfortunate creature in his death struggles.

Running to the rail with the crowd I was petrified by the sight which met my eyes. There, struggling in the liner's wake was my unfortunate cabin-mate. He was fighting bravely for life, but some under-current seemed to be dragging him down. As I looked, a large black raven appeared out of the fog. Even at that distance I could plainly see the look of extreme terror on the unfortunate man's face. Horrified, I turned away my head, and when I looked again both man and bird had disappeared.

The steamer was brought to a standstill and boats lowered, but, although the vicinity was searched, no trace of the man could be found, and we resumed our journey, leaving to the sea another victim to add to its many millions.

* * * * *

It was about two weeks after I had landed in Quebec that I was sitting in the rotunda of the Chateau Frontenac, leisurely puffing at my morning cigar and reading a *Chronicle*. I had carelessly glanced over the paper and was about to lay it down when my eye was arrested by the following paragraph:

> "Rimouski, June 17, 19—.—Pierre Le Grande, a fisherman of this place, while hauling in his nets yesterday was surprised to find the body of a man caught in the meshes by the buttons of his coat. The body had evidently been in the water for some time, and there were absolutely no means of identification; but, peculiar to relate, on the unfortunate man's forehead, traced in black, was found the footmark of some large bird, presumably that of a raven. The remains have been placed in the local morgue, pending an inquest."

* * * * *

The "Curse of the Raven" had run its course.

D. S. Scott, V. B.
H. P. MacKeen, U. VI.

THE BRONCHO BUSTER

"WHERE'D yu' get the nag, Billy?" asked the tall cowboy in chaps and a wide-brimmed Stetson, as he came up to Bill McClyde with jingling spurs.

"Which one d' yu' mean—the black one with the wicked eyes and the white off hind foot?"

"Yep," nipping the end of a brown cigarette between his yellow teeth.

"Why I got her last month, and she's the hardest little nag to ride in the country. Say, yu' ought ter seen Old Jake go over her head t'other day."

"Now I'll just take yu'," said the cow-puncher as he leaned over Billy's corral fence, "that there's a man here from Texas that'll stick to her as long as yu' want without touching leather. His name's Steel."

Just then their conversation was interrupted by a clatter of hoofs, and a girl about the age of twenty in a buckskin riding skirt and a felt hat cantered past them, with her brown hair flying in one of nature's tangles behind her back, while her beautiful face was silhouetted against the horizon. With a friendly nod she passed on and when she was out of hearing Bill remarked that old man Davis certainly had the right to be the father of this "Queen" as the little town of Tuscarora called her, but her right name was Moll.

The long, easy lope of the well-trained horse came to their ears, a rider appeared over the hill and came up with the never-tiring stride of the mountain ponies.

"Hello Billy, who's your friend?" hailed the rider.

"Oh, I forgot; this is Jeff, Steel," and he introduced them with the frank introduction of the cowboy.

"Howdo," said Jeff. "I hear yu' can do considerable ridin'; why don't yu' take a try at my horse 'Blackey' over yonder. All the boys is comin' round to-morrow to have a little ' bustin' ' party, and nobody'll risk her."

"Done," said Steel in plain acknowledgment as he spat deftly on an ant that was sturdily making its way up one of the fence posts.

The dawn broke nicely next morning, promising a fine day:

there was not a cloud in the sky, and the wind was slight but cooling. About three o'clock in the afternoon the boys came cantering in from different ranches to take a place around the fence of Billy's corral.

The riding events took place, and Billy finally stood up on a soap box and asked if there was any person present that would try Blackey. Providing he saddled her and rode her without touching the saddle for support he could have her.

Steel had been standing near the fence talking to Miss Davis, whose eyes met his in the innocent frankness which told of the outdoor life she had led. She bade him good-bye and went away. Having heard Billy's remark about Blackey, Steel walked over to his own horse, unfastened the lariat from the saddle, swung astride his broncho, and rode unobtrusively into the corral. The horses were circling round and round, so that it was several minutes before he found a chance, but when he did the rope snaked forward, falling over the head of the black mare. She stood trembling, making not the least resistance, even while Steel saddled and cinched her.

But before the man was settled in the saddle the brute was off on its furious flight. It went forward and up into the air with a plunging leap. The rider swung his hat and gave a joyous whoop. Next instant there was a scatter of laughing men as the horse came toward them in a series of short, stiff-legged bucks which would have jarred its rider like a pile-driver falling on his head had he not let himself grow limp to meet the shock.

All the tricks of its kind this unbroken five-year-old knew, weaving, pitching and sunfishing, it fought superbly, while Steel rode with the consummate ease of a master. His sinuous form swayed instinctively to every changing motion of his mount. Even when it flung itself back in blind fury, he dropped lightly from the saddle and into it again as soon as the animal struggled to its feet.

"Watch Steel fan him; he ain't touched leather yet," and such like side remarks were echoed from the crowd.

An unseen spectator was taking it all in from the brow of the hill crowned with a group of firs. She had reached this point just as the Texan swung into the saddle, and she watched the battle between horse and man intently. She had seen broncho-busters get off bleeding at the mouth and ears after a hard fight, but she had never seen a contest fought more superbly than this one. Full of

life and fire as the horse was, it had met its master and began to realize it.

Steel's quirt was going up and down, stinging Blackey to more violent exertions, if possible. But the broncho had already exhausted itself. The plunges grew less vicious and the bucks more feeble. It still pitched because of the unbroken gameness that defied defeat, but so mechanically that the motions could be forecasted.

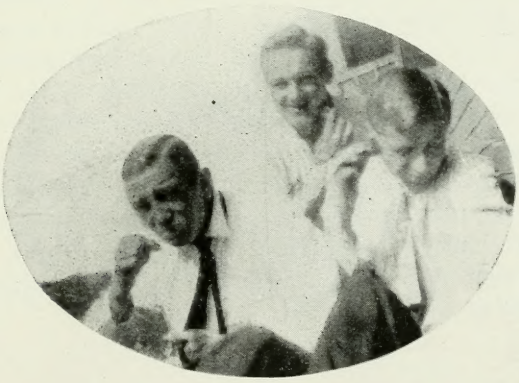
Then Steel began to soothe the brute. Somehow the wild creature became aware that this man was its master. Presently it gave up the battle, quivering in every limb. Steel slipped from the saddle, and, putting his arm across the neck, began to gentle the broncho. The animal had always looked the picture of wickedness. The red eyes and the ill-shaped head would be enough to give anyone bad dreams. A quarter of an hour before it had bit savagely at him. Now it stood breathing deeply and trembling while the master with soft words soon won the pony back from the frenzy into which it had worked itself.

He walked from the corral leading the pony he had won in fair battle with him. He was greeted by all, and amid cheers he calmly announced that "he reckoned h'd be going on to the hotel to get in some sleep, as he was going to start for Texas in the morning."

He lingered near the corral to catch a last glimpse of Miss Davis, who said as she looked straight into his eyes, "Mr. Steel, I congratulate you; you have done well."

He took the slender, outstretched hand in his own creased and sinuous fist, and at the touch of the soft brown hand he changed his mind about leaving for his home on the plains of Texas for yet awhile.

W. D. Williams, IV. B.



Morning—Room 22.

WHAT CHRISTMAS DID FOR ME

IT was at the house of an old school-fellow of mine, in the south of England. The house was large and dated back to the Norman Conquest. Every corner of it breathed mystery, and the legends of ghosts were numerous enough to give a nervous man horrible imaginings.

Only one-half of the house was used, and it was fitted with electric light and everything modern, for my friend was rich. The other half, however, was desolate and gloomy. As you walked along the dim corridors with only a candle for light you had a presentment that the shadows were following you.

"Mac" Douglas, my friend, had given a large house party to celebrate the festive season, and, hearing I was in London visiting relatives, had asked me down. When I arrived I found I would have to sleep in the old, unused part of the castle.

"I'm awfully sorry, old man, but it is like this," explained Mac. " I invited a lot of people who are always preaching about the joys of a home Christmas and have sworn time and time again never to go to an affair like this, and well, they came."

* * * * *

On Christmas night Mac and I were sitting in the smoking room, smoking and talking over the Christmases we had had together at school. At last Mac began telling me of the old legends attached to the castle, which produced a few youthful shivers, which played an impromptu game of tag up and down my spinal column.

It was about half-past three when Mac finally rose and remarked that all decent people were in bed long ago, and it was about time we followed their example. I assented and, lighting my candle, I started for my bedroom.

When I arrived I threw off my coat and sat down to ponder over the legends Mac had related to me, my thoughts harking back to the exploits of one Aurelius, an ancestor of mine, who had lived, in ages gone by, near this identical spot. I must have fallen asleep for the next thing I remember I was awakened by a tap on the shoulder. I turned to find Mac arrayed in full armor, with all the accoutrements of a knight of old.

"Hello, Mac," I said. "Why the fool clothes?"

He gazed at me in astonishment.

"Methinks 'tis thou hast the ungodly garb," said Mac.

"You do it awfully well, but what's the use? Is it a masquerade or just some fool stunt of your own?"

"Prithee talk English; I understand thee not."

"Aw prithee yourself and see how you like it," I returned. I was getting angry. "Did you come to borrow a can-opener to get out of that thing with?"

We had some more like conversation. Then Mac said: "I have come to get thee ready for the combat."

"What combat?"

Mac turned on me.

"What! Thou hast forgotten so soon? But 'twas always thy way. Come, I will get thee ready."

He led me out through the corridor. When I reached the second hall I stopped, amazed. Where were the electric lights? Where were all the other new things Mac had put in? They were gone and in their place I viewed tapestry-hung walls, lighted by torches held in iron brackets. I looked at the castle as it had been hundreds of years ago. I stopped my companion.

"What year is this?" I asked.

"What time is this for jest? Thou goest to do mortal combat. Jests come only from the mouths of fools."

"But, old man, I want to know."

"1198."

1198! Why, it was over seven hundred years ago, and I from the twentieth century. I began to laugh and the walls threw back the sound until the corridors re-echoed with my laughter. Mac turned quickly:

"Hast no sense? Wouldst wake all the castle? Hush thy laughter! But 'tis too late! They come!"

He was right. They came, men and women, dressed in the clothes I had seen only in pictures. They crowded round us, asking what the matter was. My companion informed them, much to my distress.

"We two have tried to keep this to ourselves,
But as thou hast so neatly found us out
I have no choice but to relate to you

What brings us out so early on this morn.
Thou knowest well the evil Lodregan,
Who lives upon the land adjoining this,
While ravaging the country round about,
Did come upon our good Aurelius here,
And he who ever is for cause of right
Did challenge him, the evil one, to fight;
And on this morn our good Aurelius
Shall prove to us of his supremacy.

During this oration I had become aware of a sinking sensation in the pit of my stomach, which gradually increased. Here I was back in olden times, going to fight a duel with a man I had never seen. It sounds ludicrous now, but it wasn't at all then.

We walked on and the crowd dispersed into small groups, evidently to talk over the coming fight, for I heard one man remark: "Lodregan? Methinks Aurelius has but little chance."

The sinking sensation in my stomach increased.

It was quite evident now who I was, I was the Aurelius of whom Mac had talked so much just a short time ago. In fact, funny as it seems, I was my own ancestor.

We reached the smoking-room, where I had last seen Mac, and I stopped astonished on the threshold. Instead of the familiar pipe-racks and ash-trays, an assorted pile of armor met my eyes, and more suits hung on the walls. Mac walked over and took one of these down and brought it to me.

"What?" I gasped, "do you expect me to wear that?"

"Most surely."

"Well, if I must, I must, but have you got a shoe-horn?"

"What manner of thing is that?"

"Oh, your case is hopeless," I said despairingly.

"Thou hast a most peculiar speech. Thou dost not seem thyself this day."

"Well, I guess not," I grunted, as I struggled with some refractory armor. "You would act rather queerly yourself if you were walking round doing things and you hadn't been born yet."

By this time I was dressed in the variegated tin-plate, and I followed Mac into the hall, feeling like the last sardine in the tin. When we reached the outer gate of the castle I turned to view the battlements and towers. In every window was a face which bore

a look of eager expectancy. I remarked to my companion on the morbid curiosity of my friends. "They seem to like the idea of seeing me killed," I said.

Mac took no notice of my remark, but sat staring at a little hill about half a mile distant. I could see nothing of interest on the hill as I turned back to the castle. Seeing a servant standing a little way off, I called him and sent him for my coat, out of which I got my cigarette case, then with great difficulty, owing to my mailed hands, I lit one and turned to speak to Mac. I found him gazing at me horrified.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"Why you?—that thing in thy mouth?" he gasped.

"Is it dynamite?" I asked, throwing it away. For I was frightened by the look of abject terror on his face. Then I remembered tobacco had been introduced into England by Sir Walter Raleigh, who had not been born at this time, and I laughed till my armor rattled.

The rattling reminded me rather unpleasantly of what was in store for me, and I think my face must have reflected some of Mac's terror.

Just then a servant ran up, crying:

"My Lord, they come."

Which meant it was time for me to hunt for a comfortable place to die.

Then with a great clatter a cavalcade of horsemen topped the hill and rode swiftly towards us. As they drew near I descried a man head and shoulders above the rest.

"Who is the tall fellow?" I asked Mac.

"That," he answered "is thine adversary."

And my heart found a resting place in my boots.

The men rode up and dismounted. The giant seemed at least seven feet tall. I never saw as tall a man before or since.

The men were silent. All seemed to know what was expected. I was handed a sword about two feet long. I beckoned to Mac.

"Can't we fight this on horseback with lances?" I said, eyeing my opponent's blade, which was six feet in length at least.

"Thou canst not go back on thy terms," said Mac.

And I felt my heart beating on my boot soles.

The giant stepped forward and I advanced to meet him. With-

out any preliminaries he hit me an overwhelming blow on the head. I then saw about how much chance I would have in the fight, so I dropped my sword and ran under my enemy's guard. He seemed stupefied and I had little difficulty in knocking up his visor. I was just going to hit the evil-looking face within when—well, the truth of the matter is, I awoke. The large Christmas dinner had done its work.

W. J. BLACKBURN, IV. A.

Stephen's Photo.

"Lord" Shackleton Departs.

COLEEN'S CLOSE CALL

COLEEN was going, as usual, to spend the summer at Muskoka. She was delighted to receive a letter from her favorite uncle at Orillia, inviting her and her cousin, Dolly, to spend a week with him on the way up.

So on June 8th the two girls, in great spirits, left the Union Station, and were met at Orillia by their uncle, Col. Colborne, in his smart little trap, in which they were whirled along by the shore of Lake Couchiching.

Col. Colborne was a retired army officer who had seen active service in India and Afghanistan, and who, with a brave little band of his own regiment, had commanded the forlorn hope at the Ballar Hissar Pass. He had retired at the age of forty covered with glory.

He had bought a beautiful little point near Orillia and built the "Hermitage," with the purpose of surrounding himself with his numerous nephews and nieces.

The girls were delighted with all they saw, and the first day was spent inspecting everything from the bungalow and apiary (for the Colonel went in for bee-culture) to the bathing house and his little yacht, the "Minnow," which lay at anchor off the wharf.

Col. Colborne and a nephew, Arthur, cousin to the girls, did the honors.

Next morning the "Minnow" lay alongside the wharf, well provisioned for a day's picnic, and the merry party of four set sail with a gentle breeze from the southeast. The "Minnow," with all sails set, glided gracefully out of the bay into the open lake, but before they were half way across to Chief Island the wind dropped to a dead calm.

The sun rose higher and higher, till by eleven o'clock it was oppressively hot and Arthur thought of lowering the mainsail and making an awning of it. This he cleverly accomplished, and the young people sat under it, laughing, and, with the true sailors' superstition, sticking jack-knives in the mainmast and whistling for a breeze. The Colonel sat out on the counter. A June sun on a northern lake was nothing to him after the heat of India.

A remarkable figure was the Colonel, a well-proportioned man of six feet two, his handsome face bronzed from Eastern sun. He

was clad in khaki, with a many-colored cummerbund and long riding boots, which he had not changed before leaving. He had tucked a handkerchief into his straw hat, as a sort of puggaree to protect his neck from the sun.

Suddenly there came a dark look around the horizon and Coleen remarked that they were going to have a storm, and suggested that she and Arthur should get into the dinghy and tow the "Minnow" into shelter. They were about a mile and a half from the nearest land, and Arthur emphatically refused on the ground of the heat, and the others thought it would be quite unnecessary labor.

"My dear child," said the Colonel, "if the wind does come it won't take us long to run into shelter."

As the aspect of the weather grew more alarming Coleen proposed making the mainsail snug, as she was sure it would catch the wind; but she was again overruled.

Before long it was evident to all that the storm was coming with a vengeance, and the Colonel insisted on the girls being wrapped in long Afghan blankets to protect them from the rain.

Arthur had just laughingly remarked that Coleen was destined for a higher and drier death than drowning, when she looked up and saw on her uncle's face that look which made her realize forever after what a brave soldier looks like when he faces death.

He was looking out towards the approaching storm, which the mainsail hid from those underneath it. The next minute he was pushing over the tiller with his foot and reaching up trying to pull down the mainsail, which the wind caught.

Coleen heard his deep exclamation, "My God!" the flap of the sail, and then the green waves curled in over the side of the boat.

After this a confused recollection of trying to struggle free of the blanket, the dreadful suffocating weight of the water, and a roaring in her ears, and then, a sudden sense of freedom came to her.

She did not lose her head, and the minute she was free of the blanket she began to swim up against the waves, knowing that she must have been washed from the boat.

Presently she heard her uncle's voice calling her name, but she had not breath to answer. She struggled on towards him, and a minute later, on top of a wave, she saw him swimming to her.

When he reached her she saw that his face and head were all

cut by the hailstones, which they heard afterwards were very large and sharp.

They swam back together to all that was above water of the poor little "Minnow," that being only a foot and a half of the mainmast and the stern. The wind had caught the awning and counter-stern and had driven her down bow-foremost; the sand-ballast having shifted she did not right herself again.

Arthur held Dolly on to the stern, while Coleen and her uncle held on to the main halliards for three hours while storm after storm beat over them.

About seven o'clock, the sea having abated, they saw the dinghy floating keel uppermost on top of a wave quite a mile and a quarter away, and the Colonel proposed swimming to her and bringing her back. He was a magnificent swimmer, but, hampered as he was by his long riding boots, it was indeed a second forlorn hope that he undertook.

Coleen's eyes never left his black head as it grew smaller and smaller in the distance, and her heart was lifted up in one long, continuous prayer.

It seemed an eternity before she saw him, his body laid across the bottom of the boat, probably exhausted from his long swim. And then another long, long suspense as the dinghy came slowly towards them, still keel uppermost. Intervals of maddening terror for fear the dear, brave, black head had gone down! Nearer came the dinghy till within hail, and they began to call loving, cheering encouragement to him.

* * * * *

And now Coleen's hand is on the dinghy's bow, and she and Arthur have turned her over. Coleen, being the smallest and lightest, has climbed in, and with a broken footboard is beating the water out.

At this moment a boat puts out from Chief Island.

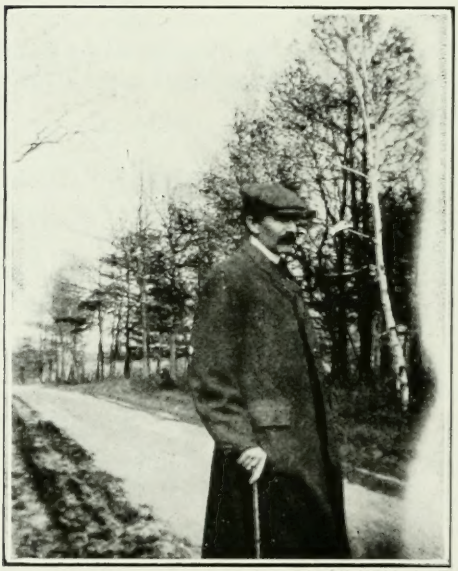
It is almost dark now, but there have been watchers on the shore since the storm ceased, looking for traces of the "Minnow," and not till Coleen's figure is seen standing up in the boat did they realize that there was anyone left to be rescued.

Before Coleen has the boat sufficiently empty to take the others in a young camper has come alongside and taken Arthur and Dolly on board.

Coleen insists on rowing her hero ashore, where, there being no women about, they are provided with dry blankets and the campers turn out of one of their tents to let the girls change.

The moon, rising at ten o'clock, and peeping into the tent, sees Col. Colborne clad in clothes much too small for his huge frame, with his arms around two little shivering figures rolled in grey blankets.

F. G. LIGHTBOURN, IV. A.



Stephen's Photo.

"Dr. Mac."

THE BETTER HALF

"GET up, you lazy hound!" exclaimed the irate wife of William Higgins, mine laborer. "The whistle has blowed this ten minutes gone, and ye'll be late."

At this Bill jumped hastily from his bed, slipped on some scanty clothing, and ran out of the cottage, leaving his "better half" to enjoy another hour of blissful slumber.

Five minutes walking along a muddy road brought the "inferior half" to the mine gate, where he "rang in," got his pick and shovel, and took his place with several others in the cage which was to take him two hundred feet down the shaft into the pit.

Arriving at the bottom, he jumped on a moving trolley car, and before long had reached his destination. Here his work drove all thoughts of his troublesome wife and the eight bairns into a remote corner of his brain.

He was kept busy shovelling coal into the trolley cars, which kept coming in a continual stream from apparently nowhere, his companion doing the cutting. It was very hot, almost oppressive, down there in the pit; and as the next car did not appear quite as soon as he had expected he opened the water-jack and drank the contents eagerly.

"You oughtn't do that," said the cutter at his elbow. "You'll want it soon, and then there won't be none left." His warning fell on deaf ears, however, as the bottle was soon tipped perpendicularly and emptied.

He sat down and awaited the coming of the next car. The minutes passed slowly—five—ten, came and went, but still nothing happened.

Bill was just settling himself for a comfortable sleep, when the cutter, Sam by name, gave him a kick, which soon dispersed all visions of himself as a millionaire sitting down to a sumptuous repast.

"Say, what do you suppose is the matter with that car?"

"I dunno," was the answer, as Bill returned to his imaginary feast. Suddenly the scene changed: he was being smothered under the bed clothes, while his wife with a horrible grin was watching his agony. There, up went her fist—she was going to hit him.

Down it came, striking him on the forehead. With a cry he jumped up, to see Sam trying to shake the sleep out of him.

"It's an hour since that last car —!"

"Oh, hang the car, why didn't you let me get a bit of sleep," was the answer.

"But something's gone wrong with the ventilator; there don't seem to be any air here, it's awful hot."

This statement brought Bill to his senses, and both men hurried back along the passage. The little oil lamps they each carried in their hats alone guiding them, the electric power being apparently shut off.

Suddenly their progress was barred by an ominous-looking, black wall of mingled rock and coal.

They were buried alive!

* * * * *

Little need is there to tell of the sensations which passed through both men as they faced that black problem. It was work or die, so they worked.

As the time passed the heat steadily increased. Ninety was reached and passed; then ninety-five. A good pile of slate now lay heaped up. They were making headway, but how extensive the fall had been they could only guess.

"Oh, for a drop of water;" but the bottle was empty.

A day passed, then a night: the thermometer must have reached a hundred and ten, their thirst increasing proportionately.

Bill had eaten the sandwiches his wife had made him the night before he left home. "Perhaps she wasn't so bad after all," he thought.

Another day dragged by. The oil in the little hat-lamps had given out. Darkness was now added to their other miseries.

Again Bill seemed to be at a table overloaded with wines of all kinds, while butlers without number hurried to and fro at his beck and call. Again he was in his own bed, his wife was bending over him, but instead of the blow which he half expected, she bent down and placed something cool and refreshing between his lips. "Look out, he's coming to; give him a little more wine," said a voice, which sounded confused and far away.

A curious feeling passed over him much the same as an opium fiend experiences on regaining consciousness after some horrible

nightmare. He awoke, not on the hard floor of the mine, but in his own bed at home; beside him stood his wife and a doctor.

"Yes, you've had a hard time," said the latter in answer to the sick man's questioning look.

"You were three days down there before they got you out, and now you owe life itself to your wife, who has nursed you through the three weeks' illness which followed after we had given up hope."

At first Bill was inclined to doubt the doctor's words regarding his wife, but five happy and prosperous years since then have proved how wrong he was in doing so.

MacKeen II., IV. A.

Invocation of the Saints.

FIDO'S LAMENT

ONCE I was everybody's pet,
But now I feel so much upset;
Indeed my little heart is breaking,
And my poor neck is sorely aching.
Just 'cause they fear that I'll go mad,
I've got to wear this newest fad

I never now can have a guzzle—
You see I'm fixed up with a muzzle.
I'm not now as I used to be,
I fret and pine and swear, "Dear me!"
"Oh! catchers, take me for a ride,
And give me a dose of cyanide."

BEATY I., U. VI.

No School Worries Here.

A NOVELETTE

THE password was 54-40 *or fight,* and with 100 *days' practice,* those on *The Firing Line* hoped to have *A Fighting Chance,* at least, this great *Day's Work.*

The Danger Mark had just been passed when we came upon *Chips of the Flying V* seated cheerfully on the ground singing *The Songs of a Sourdough,* with *Hilma* and *The Goose Girl* not far away.

It was the time *When Knighthood Was in Flower* that *Truxton King* and I were sent as *Special Messengers* to *King Richard III.* As nothing had happened thus far we had begun to think that it was *A Midsummer Night's Dream,* but we suddenly came upon *Sir Henry Morgan, Buccaneer,* wearing *The Helmet of Navarre* upon his head and carrying a copy of *The Ballads of a Cheechako* in his hand.

A Certain Rich Man had a son who was only *Half a Rogue,* and who, with *Half a Chance* to straighten up, might have been able to marry *Anne of Green Gables* or her sister *Virginia of the Air Lanes.* But *Elusive Isobel,* who kept *Open House* for all comers, kept *The Pool of Flame* alive in his breast.

The Daughter of Anderson Crowe, who had run off with *The Man From Brodney's,* was seen by *The Riverman* going towards *The Port of Missing Men* with *The Brass Bowl* in her possession.

When *The Pursuers* reached this spot she was nowhere to be seen.

The Traitor—there is always a traitor in stories—told them to follow *The Heart Line.* This they did till they came upon a young girl, who they found was *Beatrix of Clare.* She told them that she had seen the two, and to keep straight on, and that *Patricia At the Inn* would probably be able to tell them more. They kept on through *The Silent Places* to *The Garden of Allah,* where they picked up the *Bronze Bell.* A little farther on they picked up *The Grey Cloak* that she had been wearing.

When they came upon *The Four Feathers* they knew that they would soon be upon *The Fugitives* and would probably find them at *The Halfway House.* Arriving there, they found that *The Runaways* had just left, at least *Mary Gray* said so. They followed *The Trail of the Lonesome Pine* until they came to *The Heart of the*

Ancient Wood, where they found *The Lovers* seated under *The Plum Tree.*

They were quickly brought home to *The House of a Thousand Candles* by way of *The Blazed Trail,* where, under *The Lure of the Mask,* she married, as *The Hague Ordains, The Virginian,* with *Dr. Luke of Labrador* as *Best Man.*

C. L. WATEROUS, V. B.

Heads of Knowledge and Athletics.

THE FEUD

OVER the hill, behind which the sun was setting like a big red ball of fire, came a horseman. He was riding hard, but his brow was fresh: his eyes, steel grey, were hidden beneath the heavy eyebrows. As he came down the narrow path, walled in by great rocks, he whistled softly to himself. The horse moved its ears, first to its master, then to the darkening road ahead.

A shot rang out and re-echoed, a puff of smoke slowly lifted itself from one of the large rocks by the side of the road, but no head appeared.

The rider drew in his horse, stepped quickly to the ground, turned the jet black steed in the opposite direction, then, giving it a cut with his quirt, jumped behind a boulder. He sat down, looked over his Winchester, then came to a half kneel with the barrel of the cocked rifle lying across the flat surface of the rock; and with his grey eyes settled in the direction of his would-be murderer's shelter.

Dan Turnbolt, the outlaw, thought his victim had ridden away after he had fired at him, but Jenks, the district constable, was no fool: he had laid his ruse well and would finish it in the same manner.

Turnbolt's "Stetson" rose above the top of the rock, but on the barrel of his rifle, while he peered out from the side nearest the path. Jenks could not be seen, but he saw the other's every move.

Finally assured that Jenks had gone back, Turnbolt arose and walked along the path in the direction of the setting sun. Jenks waited till he was quite near, then stepped from behind his protection and called to the advancing one. Turnbolt started violently, the vile Mexican cigarette fell from his yellow teeth; for a moment he was paralyzed, but he regained himself instantly. His right hand shot to his hip, and he drew a Colt, firing point blank at his enemy.

Jenks felt a sting in his left shoulder. He ran back to the rock, although he looked back in time to see Turnbolt drop behind another.

Now came a long-drawn-out feud. Jenks broke his rifle and put in five shoulder cartridges. He was about to look over his cover

when a shot echoed from the other's rifle, and a leaden dog chipped the rock just above the outlaw's head. He dodged so quickly that his hat rolled beyond his reach. He moved out to get it, and again Turnbolt's carbine spat, the bullet kicking up the sand under Jenks' arm.

A whinny sounded down the valley and the hoofbeats of the returning horse were heard. Jenks whistled, but the horse mistook the sound and walked straight over to Turnbolt, who had also whistled. The glossy stallion stood looking at the man, who still held the smoking carbine in his hands. He laid down his shooting iron and made a spring to catch the horse. Jenks' Winchester spoke, a whiz followed by a dull, sickening thud, and Turnbolt leaped high in the air, spun around twice, fell with one foot tangled in the panic-stricken horse's bridle rein, and lay quivering.

Jenks calmly broke his rifle, threw out the empty shells, blew the smoke from the barrel, then locking it again, walked over to the limp body of his rival. He released the horse and threw the reins over its ears, letting them fall to the ground.

Then he knelt beside the dying man, who said from a choking and bloody throat: "Reckon yu' got me, pal. It's in the right-hand pocket, if you want it." Then with a halting gasp he rolled over and lay still in death.

Jenks spoke no word, but felt in his pocket and produced a small gold-framed picture, which he kissed. Then straightening out the body of his former rival, he turned to his horse, petted him, mounted, and rode towards the sun again, from the horizon of which great golden and blue rays were stealing across those beautiful western skies. Against this, when he rode over the hill, his supple form, with flying bandanna and red shirt, rose and fell from the back of the cantering horse and was darkly silhouetted.

W. D. Williams, IV. B.

A REVOLUTIONARY PLOT

(Lower House Competition: First Prize Story.)

IT happened at Paris. Two men were seen walking down a lonely street to a little house at the end of the block. One of the men seemed to be in agitation, for he looked to the right and left with uneasy glances. He was tall, had a black moustache, and wore a dark suit. His companion was about the same height, but not so dark as his friend, and was not agitated, but walked with an easy step.

As they arrived at the end of the block they turned and walked up the path to the little house and rang the bell easily. It was instantly opened by a man, who seemed to be a servant.

He ushered them into a dimly lit room, where a number of men were seated round a table, speaking in low tones. Now and again a man's voice would be raised in rebuff, but otherwise all was still.

"You are late, Pierre," said one of the men, who seemed to be the leader.

"Yes, we had to come a roundabout way, because we thought we were being followed, but, as you see, we are here safe," said Pierre, in a quick tone.

"Is this your young friend who has promised to throw a bomb? What is his name?" asked the leader in a gruff tone.

"His name is Paul Kardoff, and he has promised to throw a bomb."

"It has been settled then," said the leader, "to-morrow, when the Czar passes along the main street you, with your companion and Louis, will be in an empty house on the above street. You will throw your bomb; if it misses Kardoff will throw his; and if his misses Louis will throw his."

"Here are the bombs," added the leader, handing the man two round objects like a rubber ball, but much heavier; "they are filled with deadly explosives, and you will be of the utmost care with them, as you know your fate if you drop them."

"It is now half-past ten," said one of the men; "I say we clear out."

"Remember," said the leader, "at half-past eleven sharp, do your work well, and you will be repaid well."

They left the cottage in different order, the three men going their way together.

At eleven o'clock Paris seemed to be turned upside down. It was a holiday. The Czar of Russia was to pass through the main streets, then proceed to the River Seine, where his yacht was waiting to take him to a fair just outside the city.

People were soon bustling about, dressed in gay attire, and laughing and talking as if nothing were going to happen. But they did not know the fate that awaited some of them.

Pierre, Louis and Kardoff were at their places in the empty house awaiting the Czar's passing. Other members of the murderous gang were out in the street longing for that awful moment of bloodshed. At twenty minutes past eleven, drums and bands were heard coming, and the people began to cheer, with shouts of loyalty, for it was rumored that the President and his daughter were going with the Czar.

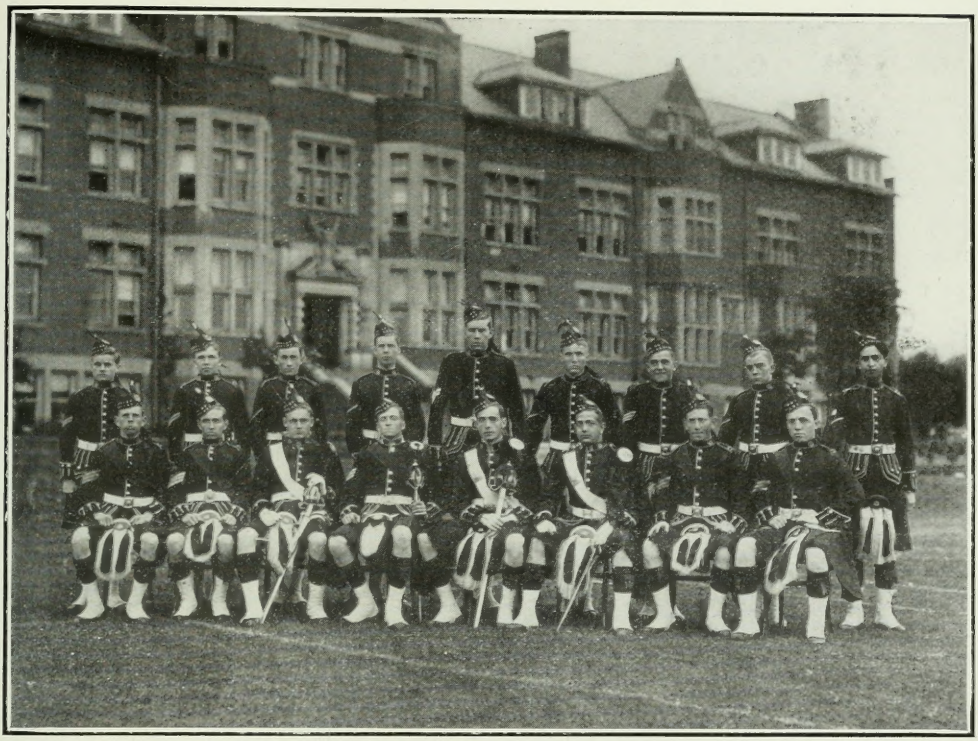
"Here they come at last," said Kardoff, "Get ready, Pierre!"

As the procession went past Pierre threw his bomb, but somehow it failed and never went off. The royal carriage went on, and in desperation Kardoff threw his bomb after the royal carriage, but too late, for it flew into the regiment of soldiers that followed behind the royal carriage.

There was a roar as of a cannon, which was immediately followed by heartrending cries for help, the clang of steel, the shout of orders from the officers, and then the people began to cry, "à l'assassin! à l'assassin!"

The soldiers that were unhurt surrounded the house and started to search for the murderers. They found the three men who had done the murderous act. They were taken to prison and there they were closely confined for a few weeks. They stubbornly refused to tell any whereabouts of their companions, but by luck the gang were struck when they were having a meeting. They were all captured and taken to prison, and they were found to be the murderous gang from abroad. When brought before the judge they told their faults, and some were sentenced to death, while others were sent up for different terms of imprisonment.

H. Leckie, II.



Officers Cadet Corps, 1909-10.

THE CADET CORPS

THE school year just ended has been a very successful year with the Cadet Corps, who again were able to be under Sergt. Glover's instruction.

Last fall the Cadet Corps took part in the church parade, but owing to football little drill was accomplished. During the winter and spring months, however, Sergt. Glover has brought the corps up to its rank in excellence.

On Friday, May 6th, the corps paraded with the 48th, but owing to the death of his late Majesty King Edward VII. no drill was gone through. When the regiment had drawn up the band played Chopin's Funeral March, and the pipe

band rendered "The Lament." It was an honor to be with the regiment at such a time.

The following Friday we again paraded with the 48th, and after drill were again glad to be able to participate in trooping the colors.

The memorial service held on Friday, May 20th, was attended by the Cadets, who reflected much credit on themselves.

At last the long-looked-for rifles have been served out, and much pleasure was afforded when we had our first sham fight.

Capt. Gooderham has taken a great amount of interest in the corps, and much credit is due to him. To Sergt. Glover we extend our congratulations on his new appointment with the 48th, and we wish him all luck.

The officers for the past year were as follows:

Captain—Gooderham I.

Lieutenants—Shook and Waterous.

Color-Sergeant—Matheson.

Sergeants—McPherson I., Clark II., and Evans.

Lance-Sergeant—Bicknell.

Corporals—Rutter, Lennard and Nicol.

Lance-Corporals—Davidson I., McGillivray, Montgomery I., and Wilson III.

J. J. E.

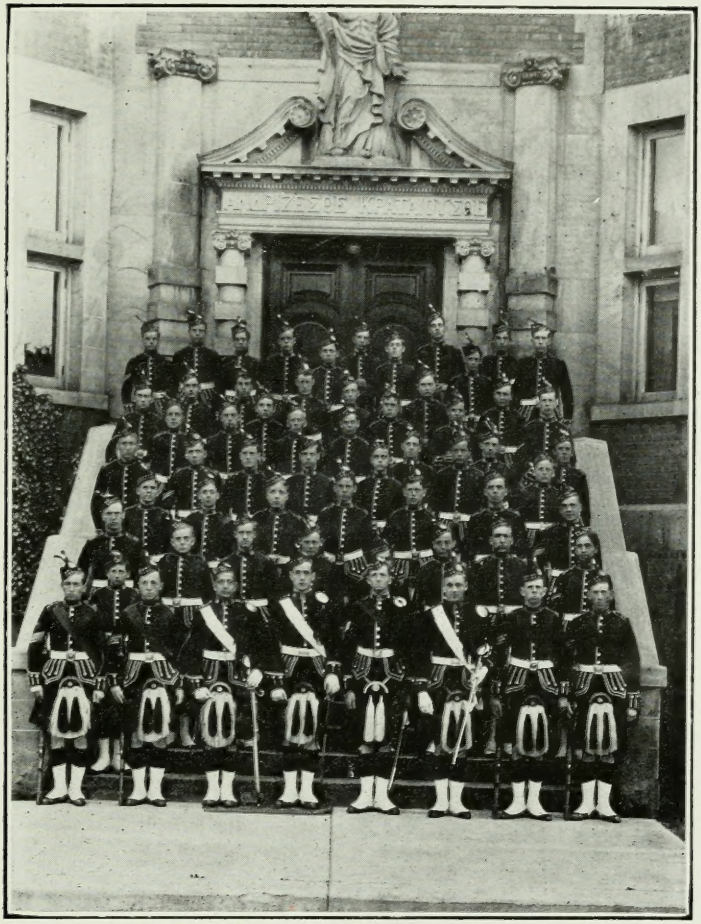
THE JUNIOR CADET CORPS.

This last year a gift to the College has enabled a Junior Corps to be formed. Under Capt. Alexander considerable good work has been accomplished.

J. J. E.

Stephen's Photo.

The Measlelites.



Senior Cadet Corps, 1909-10.

THE CADETS CORPS DANCE

AFTER several postponements, it was at last decided to hold the annual Cadet Corps dance Friday, April 15th. The hall was beautifully decorated with flags, bunting, palms and pennants. At the back of the platform was a huge St. Andrew's cross in crimson, which bore pennants of the four colleges. Flags and pennants were strung from pillar to pillar and from

corner to corner of the hall. On all four walls were huge Union Jacks—the new Cadet Corps flag was in the most prominent place—over the main door. The two class rooms on either side of the hall next the dance hall were opened, and large, comfortable chairs and welcoming couches took the place of the historic named carved desks.

The dance is one of the big affairs of the school year, and naturally it causes a great deal of comment on the part of the boys. After wondering whether their buttons will remain shined, whether their friends will accept the invitations, whether the weather will be disagreeable or not, and whether they will be on duty or not, there is little time left for any worrying about lessons.

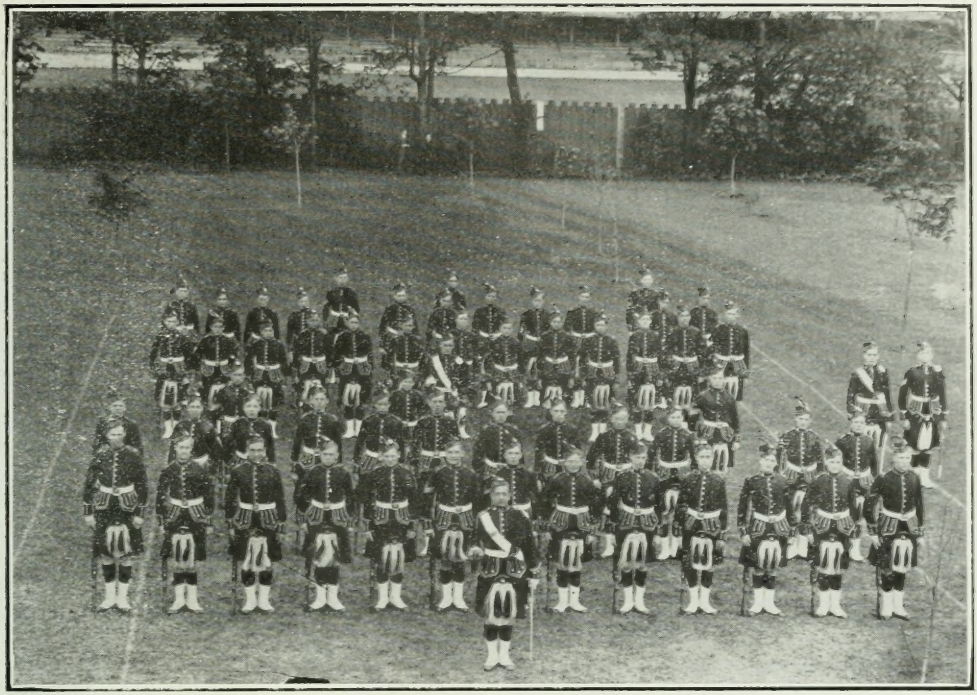
The guests arrived early, and all were warmly received by Dr. Macdonald, Mrs. Macdonald and Captain Gooderham. The dance commenced about nine o'clock, and soon all was in full swing. Old friends, new friends, and the best of friends swung merrily to the delightful music rendered by the orchestra.

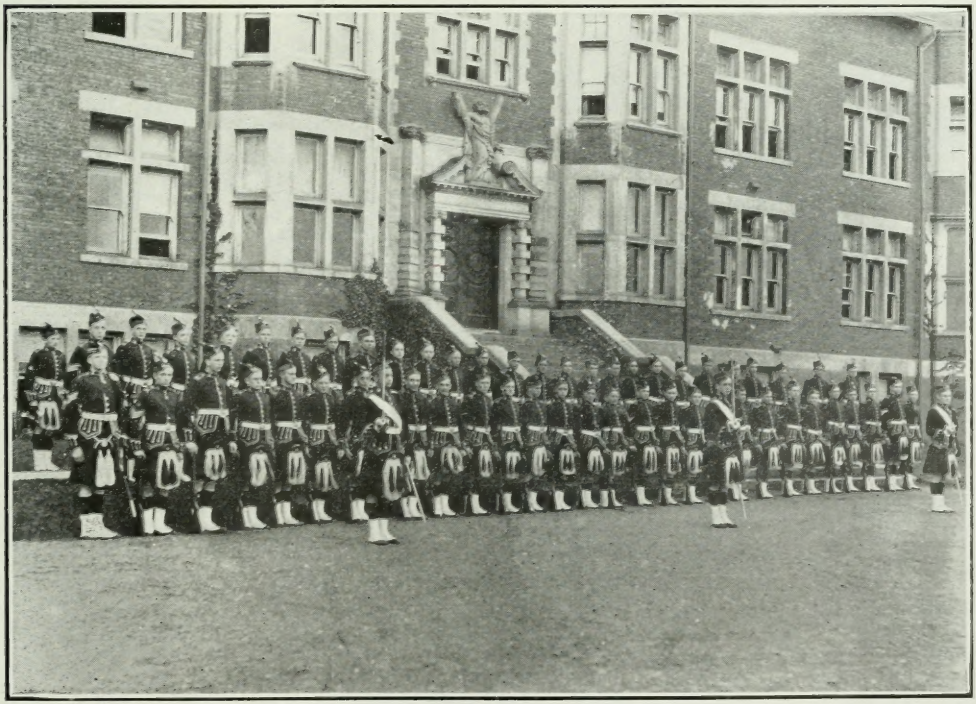
The orchestra was seated on the platform and was composed of ten pieces. The music that was rendered was excellent, and the selection of pieces could not have been better. "Kelley" and "March, March on Down the Field," were the two most popular pieces of the evening. The dances were long, and the encores plentiful, so that the orchestra was indeed all that could be desired.

The supper dances were, of course, important dances on the programme. Supper was served in the Upper School dining room, which was well decorated with flags and bunting, and besides the numerous electric lights, fully one hundred candles added to the illumination. The supper itself was excellent, there being plenty of everything, and everything was of the best. What more could be desired?

All good things must come to an end, and our dance was no exception to the rule. At one o'clock "God Save the King" was played and a "Hoot, mon, hoot!" was given. Then the guests departed, highly elated over the way in which the dance had been conducted. The Review extends its congratulations to those who worked so hard to make the Cadet Corps dance of 1910 the most successful dance that the College has ever had.

E. H. P.





Cadet Corps, 1909-10.

THE TUCK SHOP

IN the autumn of 1907, on the suggestion of Dr. Macdonald, it was decided to build a tuck shop on the college grounds in place of the one to the east of the school. The new place was to be owned and conducted by the boys. Through the kindness of a few friends, a loan of a sufficient amount was obtained, and the building begun. In December it was finished, and, under the management of Mrs. Williams, opened at the end of the Christmas vacation in January, 1908.

Since then, owing to the careful direction of Mrs. Williams and her assistant, it has met with remarkable success. Part of the loan has already been repaid, and it is hoped that in a few years it will be free from all debt.

On such days as prize day and field day the dining room and spacious verandah are filled with visitors, who are able to procure refreshments, which, if it were not on the grounds, would be impossible. It is also an excellent place for the fellows to rest and refresh themselves after football, hockey and cricket practice.

To supervise and assist in the work, a committee with a master as chairman is elected.

Having the tuck shop owned by the boys will prove to be a great advantage, as the profits will be used in furthering the athletic activities, etc., of the college.

McT., U. VI.

Field Day.

THE ASSAULT-AT-ARMS

THE Fourth Annual Assault-at-Arms took place on the evening of Wednesday, March twenty-third in the college gymnasium, which was tastefully decorated with flags, pennants, etc., before a large crowd of spectators. The programme was divided into two parts, the first composed of calisthenics, apparatus and mat work, while the latter mainly consisted of antagonistic exercises. The centre of attraction was, as usual, the Senior Gymnasium Team, and these certainly "made good," going through some difficult exercises on the horizontal bar and mat with marked ease. Gunn, as captain, performed in a very creditable manner, and was ably seconded by the other members. These were Auld, Doolittle, Isaacs, Montgomery I., McGregor, Paterson I. and Rodgers. The only regret expressed was that they didn't appear often enough. The most scientific event of the entertainment was the exhibition given by Mr. A. Keith, member of the Canadian Olympia Gymnasium Team of 1908. The finished way in which he negotiated the most difficult feats was a great treat to all. He may rest assured that his work was fully appreciated. The arrangements were carried out in splendid order, much to the credit of Mr. Chapman, upon whose shoulders rests the chief responsibility.

Mingled with the feats of daring and filling up all unavoidable delays were the extremely funny antics of Isaacs, Blackburn and Bateman, adorned with the picturesque attire of clowns. These three kept up their phase of work in a very pleasant manner, and lent a bright touch to the whole affair.

Shortly after eight o'clock the performance was opened by the Junior Leaders, who showed to advantage on the low horizontal bar. They prepared the way for the debut of the 1910 Senior Squad, also on the bar. This was thoroughly enjoyed, and they showed that the present boys need fear no comparison with those of former years in this branch of gymnastics at least. The Junior Leaders were again called upon, this time for a display of mat work, and again did they succeed in earning their share of applause. The first appearance of the Junior Gymnasium Team, composed of Montgomery II. (Capt.), Crawford, Carlyle, Cassells I., Ross III. and Lockhart followed, and they did a pleasing turn on the

parallel bars. Musical boxing by the class and pyramids by the Junior Leaders concluded the premier division of the programme in a very auspicious manner.

Part two commenced with A. Keith on the horizontal bar, which, as before stated, was the choice event, carrying the audience to even fresh bursts of enthusiasm. The conclusion of his work was the signal for the second appearance of the Seniors. This time the mat occupied their attention, and some good tumbling was indulged in.

From this point on antagonistic exercises held sway. Bicknell, McKnight, Ross I. and Foster went through the various holds and breaks of wrestling which was interesting to all. In the pick-a-back wrestling Nichol with Comstock "up" gained a victory over Risteen and Cassells III.

Bicknell and McKnight then wrestled for a short period, and were followed by Martin II. and Williams in a fencing duel. The next bout, a three round boxing go between Wilson II. and McTaggart, brought to a close one of the most successful events of its kind yet held. Everybody seemed reluctant to leave, and we hope that this will be the characteristic of all future "Assaults-at-Arms."

BEATY I.

Stephen's Photo.

Out of Bounds.

Boxing, Fencing and Wrestling.

BOXING, WRESTLING AND FENCING TOURNAMENT

THE Boxing, Wrestling and Fencing Tournament, always one of the most interesting events of the year, occupied the attention of the school for the afternoon of April 21st and evening of the following day. The preliminaries on the former date provided for the elimination of all save the finalists, and, in this case, decided two of the champions. These were MacKeen I., in the 145-lb. boxing, and Lowndes, in the junior fencing. Only one class was awarded without a contest, Nicol, in the heavyweight boxing, being unchallenged.

The tournament produced some very interesting features, for besides its usual high standard, there were numerous close decisions which kept excitement at a high pitch during the entire pro-

gramme. Indeed, in every way, success seemed to smile on our efforts.

The Athletic Association brought great credit on itself by its punctual management of the affair. Mr. Chapman, the President, in particular, being responsible for this. As usual, he handled everything in a very capable manner.

The staff of the Association also wish to thank the gentlemen who kindly gave up their time to act as referees, judges, etc. Professor Williams of 'Varsity, Mr. Cochrane of Upper Canada College, Mr. King and Mr. Burwash were among these. Their decisions were all favorably received.

The boxing was divided into three rounds, the first two of 2½ minutes' duration, and the last of 3 minutes. Extra rounds to be 3 minutes. The wrestling was for 6-minute periods, while the fencing demanded 5 points to win. The results:

PRELIMINARIES—APRIL 21ST..

FENCING—JUNIOR.

Lowndes opposed Silver in the final, and was returned winner by 5 to 4 after a close fight. Silver led, 4 to 1, but his opponent rallied and finally succeeded in "besting" him. Lowndes deserves credit for his up-hill fight.

—Senior.—

Two bouts were run off: the first between Martin I. and Martin II., which was won by the latter, 5 to 3, after a good lively encounter. Silver beat Williams in the other set-to, thus earning the right to oppose Martin II. in the final.

BOXING.

75-lb. Class—Rolph III. defeated Taylor II. after a stiff go. Rolph won on his aggressiveness and good guarding.

85-lbs.—Rolph II. had no difficulty in putting away Comstock. He showed cleverness with both hands.

125-lbs.—In the first bout Skead was opposed to "Noisy Young" and after a rather slow contest the former earned the decision. The result was seldom in doubt. In the same class, Taylor I. beat MacKeen II. after a spirited three rounds. Taylor got in a staggering blow in the first session which took all the steam out of his opponent. Both were groggy at the finish.

145-lbs.—MacKeen I. vs. Sutherland was a lively fight. MacKeen had the science. and proved a very shifty boxer. Eby hit hard, but often failed to connect. Thus McKeen got the decision easily.

Wrestling.

The 75-lb. Class monopolized the mat work on " opening " day. Cassells II. won from Bateman II. in quick order, and Whitney also disposed of Leishman III. in a much-enjoyed set-to.

At 8 p.m. the following night the finals began, before a crowded and enthusiastic " house," resulting as follows:

Martin II. won the Fencing Championship easily from Silver by 5 to 1. The result was anticipated and Martin's rushes proved too fierce for his opponent. Indeed it was chiefly this point that carried the former through both days without a defeat.

Boxing.

Rolph III. in the 75-lb. Class and Rolph II. in the 85 kept up their good work in the finals, earning their honors from Masson and Vallance respectively, after two spirited bouts. All four were good little boxers, and both contests were close fought.

Carlyle beat Munn easily at 95 lbs., and Marsh blighted Abendana's hopes in short order in the 105-lb. series. The next to enter the ring were Fraser and Montgomery II. These two furnished some good sport, but " Monty " secured an early advantage which he gradually increased, winning with comparative ease. This was at 115 lbs.

125-lb Class—Taylor vs. Skead was the next on the list, and in the closest fight of the evening Skead was given the decision. Hard hitting, rather than science, featured the three rounds.

Following this Scott I. defeated Greer at 135 lbs. Scott I. showed great improvement over last year.

Montgomery I. and Hastey fought for the 158-lb. Championship, and although Hastey had a hard punch the former showed considerable " class " as a boxer, and won by a good margin. Condition was also a great factor in the result.

Wrestling.

75-lb. Class—Cassells II. won the title by defeating Cassells III. in the first wrestling bout of the evening and by winning from Whitney later on. Cassells had an advantage in weight over his opponents.

85-lbs.—Scott II. got two falls from Bateman II., the first in 3 min. 20 sec. and the next in 12 sec. Scott was easily the superior of his rival.

In the 95-lb. Class Munn suffered his second defeat of the tournament, when Diver downed him in two straight falls. The latter is a good wrestler. Paterson I. at 105 lbs. just managed to throw Abendana in the alloted period. Paterson was on the aggressive most of the time, but it took 5 min. 35 sec. to get a fall. Firstbrook easily beat Fraser at 115, and MacKeen II. won from Johnson, his two falls coming in 2 min. and 1 min. 20 sec. These two wrestled at 125 lbs.

In the 135-lb. Class McGillivray and Matheson occupied the mat for just four and a half minutes, and when they disappeared the former had two falls to his credit. Bicknell made quicker work of "Pete" Large at 145 lbs., and Foster and Shook, the 158-lb. gladiators, wrestled for 5 min. before Shook beat his rival.

The last number of the programme proved the best and closest fight on the wrestling. Paisley and McKnight struggled for twenty minutes for the Heavyweight Championship, and no fall was obtained. Both were quick, and there were some hair-raising situations. However, both weathered the storms successfully. McKnight met Paisley again later on in the month and they wrestled an hour and fifteen minutes without a fall. Following this McKnight forfeited the title to Paisley.

Beaty I.

Librarians.

Prefects, 1909-10.

ANNUAL GAMES

THE Tenth Annual Sports, postponed indefinitely from May 18th, on account of the death of King Edward, were run off on Friday, the 27th, on the College campus. Owing to the fact that no invitations were issued, and to its otherwise private nature, the games were attended by a much smaller crowd than usual. However, there was no lack of enthusiasm, as a good representation of present and old boys, as well as quite a few young ladies, were on hand to encourage the contestants. The day was ideal for racing, and fast time was made in nearly every event. The fight for the Senior Championship soon developed into a dual struggle between Risteen and McGillivray, both Westerners, which ended in a well-earned victory for the former, who scored 29 points to his opponent's 21. McGillivray won the Boarder's Championship. Two records were smashed, Risteen clearing 5 feet 6 inches in the high jump, and 18 feet 3 inches in the running broad jump.

Auld carried off the honors in the Junior ranks, with 20 points, Coatsworth being a good second. As both these are day boys, the Lower School Boarder's Championship went to Bradley. When the games concluded, the people, instead of going to the dance or presentation of prizes, as is usually the case, paid a visit to the tuck-shop, which made up for the absence of the usual festive entertainments in a startling manner. Thus ended the 1910 "Sports," a novelty which was thoroughly enjoyed.

The results of the races were as follows:

—Saturday, May 21st.—

1. *One-mile run.—1, Matheson; 2, McGillivray; 3, Wallace. Time, 5 min. 12 3-5 sec.

—Wednesday, May 25th.—

2. Throwing cricket ball (sen.).—1, Risteen; 2, Nicol; 3, Frith I Distance, 294 ft. 8 in.

3. Throwing cricket ball (jun.).—1, Coatsworth; 2, Harrison. Distance, 232 ft. 7 in.

4. *Running high jump (jun.).—1, Auld; 2, Carlyle; 3, Campbell II. Height, 4 ft. 4½ in.

5. *Standing broad jump (sen.).—7, Risteen; 2, Nicol; 3, Hasley. Distance, 9 ft.

6. *Standing broad jump (jun.).—1, Auld; 2, Yuile; 3, Bradley. Distance, 7 ft. 8 in.

7. *Running broad jump (sen.).—1, Risteen; 2, Nicol; 3, Hastey. Distance, 18 ft. 3 in.

8. *Running broad jump (jun.).—1, Bradley; 2, Coatsworth; 3, Auld. Distance, 14 ft. 5 in.

9. Putting the shot.—1, Nicol; 2, Foster; 3, Leishman. Distance, 35 ft. 9½ in.

Officers, Athletic Association.

—Friday, May 27th.—

10. 50-yards dash (preparatory forms).—1, Bradley; 2, Brown III.; 3, Scott II. Time, 6 1-5 sec.

11. *100-yards dash (sen.).—1, McGillivray; 2, Risteen; 3, Hastey. Time, 10 4-5 sec.

12. 100-yards dash (under 13).—1, Johnson III.; 2, Taylor II.; 3, Carr.

13. Three-legged race.—1, Taylor and Vanderlinde; 2, Gooderham and Nicol.

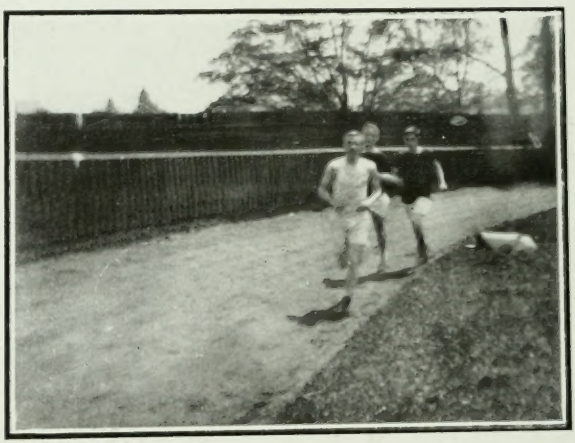
14. *220-yards dash (sen.).—1, McGillivray; 2, Risteen; 3, Hastey. Time, 25 2-5 sec.

15. Lower School race (handicap).—1, Whitney; 2, Rolph III.; 3, Bateman I.

16. *100-yards dash (jun.).—1, Coatsworth; 2, Yuile; 3, Auld. Time, 12 sec.

17. *Hurdle race (sen.).—1, Risteen; 2, Nicol; 3, McGillivray. Time, 19 2-5 sec.

18. *220-yards dash (jun.).—1, Coatsworth; 2, Auld; 3, Bradley. Time, 30¾ sec.



Our Drummy Can Run.
(Finish of Mile—Matheson Leading).

19. Sack race.—1, Lowndes I.; 2, McIntosh; 3, Scott II.

20. Obstacle race.—1, Rolph III.; 2, MacKeen II.; 3, McMichael. Time, 2 min. 3 sec.

21. *Running high jump (sen.).—1, Risteen; 2, McGregor, 3, McGillivray. Height, 5 ft. 6 in.

22. *Hurdle race (jun.).—1, Auld; 2, Boothe; 3, Gouinlock. Time, 19 sec. (Low hurdles.)

23. Old Boys' race (75 yards).—1, Hamilton; 2, Ellis; 3, Bryan. Time, 8 3-5 sec.

24. Consolation race (jun.).—1, McLennan; 2, Munn; 3, Brown.

25. 220-yards race (under 17).—1, Wilson III.; 2, Large; 3, Firstbrook II. Time, 27.5 sec.

26. Consolation race (sen.)—1, Crawford; 2, Skidmore; 3, Spohn.

—Saturday, May 28th.—

27. *Half-mile run.—1, Matheson; 2, Taylor; 3, McGillivray. Time, 2 min. 13 1-5 sec.

28. *Quarter-mile run.—1, McGillivray; 2, Risteen. Time, 55 sec.

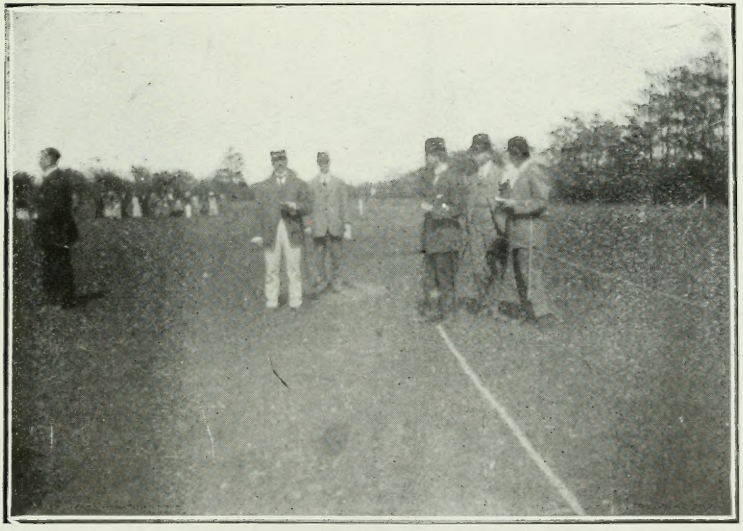
Points for Senior Championship.—Risteen, 29; McGillivray, 21; Matheson, 10; Nicol, 9; Hastey, 4; McGregor, 3; Taylor, 3, and Wallace, 1.

Points for Junor Championship.—Auld, 20; Coatsworth, 13; Bradley, 7; Yuile, 6; Carlyle, 3; Boothe, 3; Gouinlock and Campbell II., 1.

NOTE.—1. Only events marked with an asterisk count in championships.

2. Only championship events count for boarder's championships.

BEATY I.

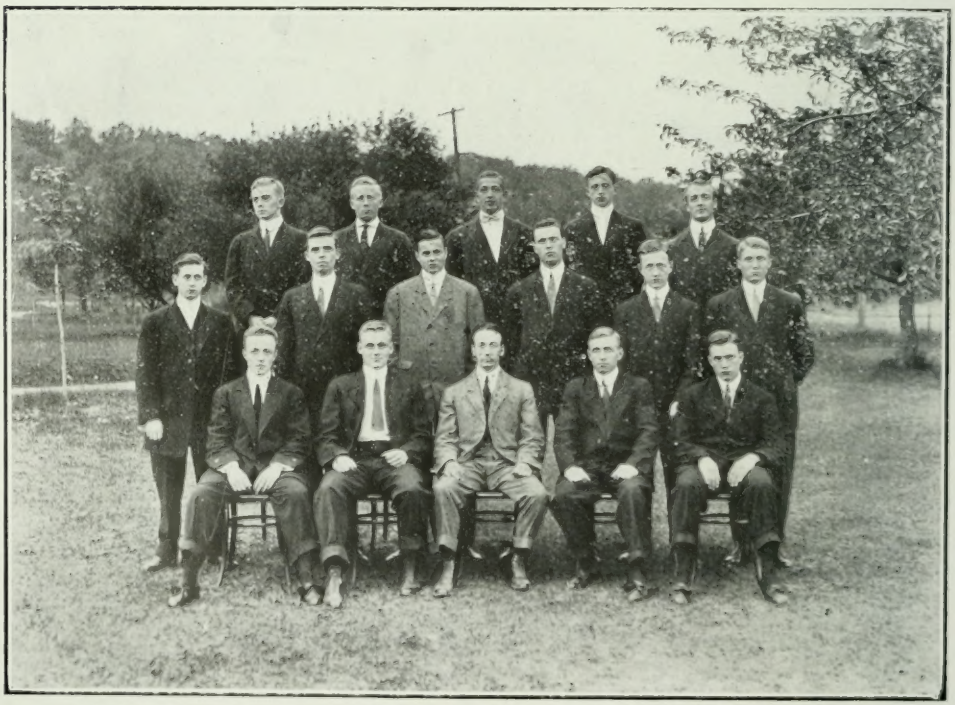


The Officials.

S. A. C. ATHLETIC RECORDS

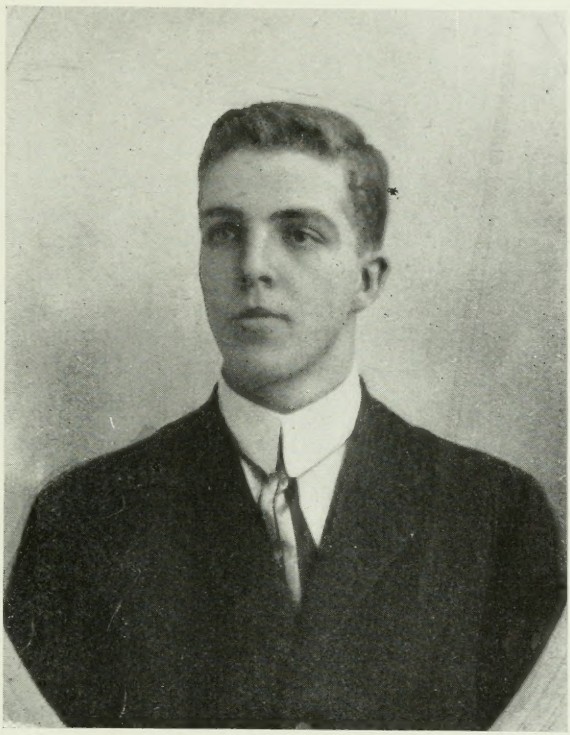
THE following are the official records recognized by the S. A. C. Athletic Association:

50 yds. dash.—Winstanley, A. E., 1908, 5 3-5 sec.
100 yds. dash.—Crossen, J. L., 1906, 10 3-5 sec.
220 yds. dash.—Nasmith, D., 1903, 24 3-5 sec.
440 yds. dash.—Munroe, E., 1909, 54 4-5 sec.
Half mile.—Knox, A. M., 1907, 2 min. 8 sec.
Mile.—Grass, R., 1907, 4 min. 56 sec.
Hurdles (120 yds).—Crossen, J. L., 1906, 17 sec.
High Jump.—Risteen, C. F., 1910, 5 ft. 6 in.
Running Broad Jump.—Risteen, C. F., 1910, 18 ft. 3 in.
Standing Broad Jump.—Smith, H. G., 1903, 9 ft. 8 in.
Putting the Shot.—Thompson, W., 1909, 38 ft. 10 in.
Throwing Hammer, Crossen, J. L., 1906, 73 ft. 3 in.
Throwing Cricket Ball.—Allison, A. E., 1905, 303 ft. 8 in.
Kicking Football.—Sale, J., 1905, 142 ft. 6 in.



The Original 5B.

ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE FIRST TEAM.



SMITH III. CAPTAIN 1909-10.

PERSONNEL—FIRST ELEVEN

SMITH, R. (Capt.)—His third year on the First XI. A good bat and field, and on his day a difficult bowler to play. Made a fine Captain throughout the year.

Frith I.—Also a third year man. Unfortunate in being absent through illness for part of the season. Very good bowler and a hard-hitting bat.

Beatty II.—Has had hard luck this year until lately. A very correct bat and really brilliant field.

McPherson II.—A very good medium fast bowler and fair bat. Inclined to be careless in batting.

Gooderham II.—A good punishing bat. A good wicket-keeper, though rather weak on taking leg balls.

Fergusson.—Good all-round man. Very nice style in batting. A useful change bowler, who, with practice, will have a good break.

Vaz.—The best of the new men. A good bat and bowler, and a fair field. When right, his bowling is very effective.

Crawford.—Fair bat and tries hard. Good change bowler, but sometimes inclined to pitch short. A good field.

Clark.—Fair bat and change bowler. Very good field.

Webber.—A good hard hitter and a fine field.

Cassells.—A very careful and correct bat, but a slow run-getter. A good field.

Large.—A very heavy hitter and fine wicket-keeper.

Trinity University were our opponents on June 1, and also our conquerors, winning by 14 runs and 3 wickets. It was a wretched day for playing, and few of the College team did justice to themselves. S. A. C. had 9 wickets down for 22, when Crawford and Cassells went in and brought the total up to 60 before the last wicket was taken. Crawford got 31, an excellent record. For Trinity, Wiseman was top scorer, with 25, and Gordon carried off the bowling honors. The wet crease made batting difficult.

CRICKET

ST. ANDREW'S opened their cricket season on April the 20th, with Stanley Barracks as opponents. S. A. C. batted first and were retired for 67. Frith I. made 23, Fergusson 14 and Cassells II. Three of the College batsmen were unfortunately run out, this making a big difference in the score. Stanley Barracks followed on and were all dismissed for 35. Carpenter with 13 headed the list. Frith took 4 wickets for 3 runs, and Vaz and McPherson each got 3 at the cost of 14 runs.

On April 23rd Aura Lee were defeated by the First Eleven by 77 to 45. Frith I. was again high with 15. The fielding of the team was excellent, which was greatly instrumental in holding down Aura Lee's score. Smith was elected Captain, a fine choice.

AURA LEE.

McKenzie, b. Frith	0
Baines, b. McPherson	2
Fulford, c. Vaz, b. Frith	2
Paterson, b Frith	0
Barrett, b. McPherson	3
Richardson, l. b. w., Frith	5
Marsden, not out	16
Polson, c. McPherson, b. Frith	11
Ryerson, l. b. w., Frith	1
Tait, b. Smith	2
Douglas, b. Smith	0
B. 1, W. 2	3
Total	45

S. A. C.

Cassells, l. b. w. Polson	0
Vaz, run out	8
Frith I., c. Tait, b. Marsden	15
Leishman, b. Marsden	4
Gooderham, b Polson	13
Smith, b. Marsden	11
McPherson, b. Marsden	0

Fergusson, b. Marsden	8
Clark, b. Marsden	6
Beaty, c. Polson, b. Marsden	1
Crawford, not out	5
B. 5, L. B. 1	6
Total	77

Bowling, S. A. C.—Smith 2 for 1, Frith I. 6 for 24, McPherson 2 for 14, Vaz 0 for 4.

Beaty, Photo

Our Eleven at Work.

On Saturday, April 30th, S. A. C. defeated Grace Church by the following score:

S. A. C.

Vaz, l. b. w., b. Black	11
Cassells, b Millward	4
Leishman, b. Millward	2
Smith, b. Millward	1
Gooderham, b. Nutt	19
Fergusson, b. Black	5
McPherson, b. Black	2
Beaty, b. Black	0
Crawford, b. Black	0
Clark b. Campbell	1

Webber, not out	10
B. 5, L. B. 1, W. 2	8
Total	63

GRACE CHURCH.

Millward, c. Vaz, b. McPherson	9
Black, b. Vaz	0
Nutt, b. Vaz	8
Campbell, run out	1
Yetman, b. Vaz	0
Paris, c. Smith, b. Vaz	0
Belasco, l. b. w., b. McPherson	3
Hopkins, c Webber, b. Vaz	7
Frith, b. McPherson	0
Dew, not out	7
Smith, c. Smith, b. Vaz	0
Extras	0
Total	35

S. A. C. Bowling.—Vaz 6 for 15, McPherson 3 for 20.

The first loss of the season was incurred at the hands of the Toronto C. C., who had on their line up many of the prospective English Eleven, which is to tour the Old Country this summer. The College team did very well to hold their opponents to 161, and at that there were several chances missed. S. A. C. scored 48, which, after their long stay in the field, was as much as could have been expected. The following was the score:

TORONTO C. C.

A. H. Gibson, b. Vaz.	25
H. G. Davidson, c. Beaty, b. McPherson	21
P E. Henderson, c. Leishman, b. Vaz	0
A. A. Beemer, b. Fergusson	46
W. S. Greening, c. Fergusson, b. Vaz	0
R. S. Saunders, b. Frith	14
W. W. Wright, b. Frith	21
N. Seagram, b. Frith	10

W. N. Conyers, not out 10
McFarlane, b. Frith 2
B. 10, L. B. 1, N. B. 1 12

Total 161

S. A. C.

Vaz, c. Gibson, b. Conyers 8
Cassells, run out 0
Smith, b. Conyers 0
McPherson, b. Conyers 0
Frith, b. Beemer 10
Gooderham, stumped 5
Fergusson, run out 14
Leishman, b. Gibson 0
Webber, b. Henderson 7
Beaty, b. Henderson 0
Nicol, not out 1
B. 3

Total 48

Bowling, S. A. C.—Vaz 3 for 38, Frith 4 for 44, McPherson 1 for 39, Fergusson 1 for 28.

Rosedale C. C. were the next to try conclusions with the Firsts, and owing to Wookey's good bowling and Bell's batting managed to win by 55 runs and 4 wickets. Webber topped the list for S. A. C with 18.

S. A. C.

Vaz, b Reid 1
Cassells, b. Reid 0
Frith, c. Grant, b. Reid 7
Gooderham, c. Baines, b. Wookey 6
Smith, c. and b. Wookey 13
McPherson, b. Wookey 0
Fergusson, b. Wookey 0
Webber, b. Wookey 18
Clark, c. Grant, b. Wookey 0

Beaty, not out	5
Crawford, b. Reid	2
B. 9, L. B. 1	10
Total	62

ROSEDALE C. C.

G. M. Baines, b. Frith	7
J Bell, b. McPherson	35
W. Sellers, c. Cassells, b. Frith	2
Grant, c. Crawford, b. McPherson	3
Reid, not out	42
Wookey, b McPherson	8
Curry, b. Crawford	7
Swan, not out	6
B. 4, W. 3	7
Total (for 6 wickets)	117

S. A. C. Bowling.—Crawford 1 for 5, Frith 2 for 26, McPherson 3 for 35, Vaz 0 for 6, Fergusson 0 for 7, Smith 0 for 31.

On May 17th the College suffered another reverse at the hands of Kappa Alpha. The Kaps were all out for 70, of which Alexander scored 37 by splendid batting. Kelly also reached double figures, his total being 19. The Saints followed on, but were not so successful, as. outside of Mr. Crump's 26, the next was Beaty's 7. The last wicket fell with 14 runs still to get, the visitors thus winning by 70 to 56. McPherson did the best bowling, getting 3 wickets at the small cost of 1 run. The team missed the services of Frith I., who had been taken sick after the Rosedale game. As his average was then over 13 it can readily be seen how his loss was felt. He was also a splendid bowler.

May 21st saw the Wanderer C. C. at St. Andrew's, and on a good scoring wicket some fine hitting was witnessed, the game resulting in a draw in favor of S. A. C. The Wanderers were quite late in arriving and thus the time of play was considerably short-

ened. The College team found the bowling considerably to their liking, the only wicket resulting from a very risky run of Smith's in the last over of the day. Vaz and Smith bowled well for the Saints.

WANDERER C. C.

Kirschman, b. Vaz	17
Williams, b. Vaz	18
Bourne, b. Vaz	1
Levey, b. Vaz	11
McCaffrey, b. Smith	29
Carter, c. Gooderham, b. Vaz	4
Nichols, not out	20
Jones, b. Smith	0
Wallcott, c. and b. Smith	6
Hall, b. Smith	0
Perkins	0
B. 2, L. B. 1	3
Total	109

S. A. C.

Mr. Crump, not out	31
Smith, run out	27
Vaz, not out	1
B.	4
Total (1 wicket)	63

S. A. C. Bowling.—Smith 4 for 18, Vaz 5 for 33, Crump 0 for 22. Crawford 0 for 20, McPherson 0 for 13.

Toronto University won a very close game from S. A. C. on May the 25th by 73 to 69. The score is as follows:

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO.

S. Beatty, c. Beaty, b. McPherson	6
R. L. Greene, b. Vaz	11
S. H. Browne, b. Crawford	14
J. P. Alexander, b. Vaz	0
McPherson, b. Vaz	1

P. W. Beatty, b. Vaz	0
S. W. C. Scott, c. and b. Vaz	0
Caldwell, c. Smith, b. Crawford	20
D. Scott, b. Vaz	10
H. M. Steven, c. Clarke, b. Crawford	2
McPherson, not out	0
B. 7, L. B. 1, W 1	9
Total	73

S. A. C.

Smith, b. Brown	0
Vaz, b. Alexander	18
Gooderham, stumped	2
Fergusson, b. Alexander	4
Webber, b. Alexander	4
Beaty, c. and b. Alexander	3
McPherson, b. Alexander	10
Clark, c. Beatty, b. Alexander	9
Crawford, b. Alexander	10
Evans, hit wicket	2
Cassells, not out	2
B. 3, L. B. 1, N. B. 1	5
Total	69

S. A. C Bowling.—Vaz 6 for 19, Crawford 3 for 13, McPherson 1 for 26; Smith 0 for 6.

Deer Park added another defeat to the Saint's list the next Saturday, winning by 61 to 30. The crease was in bad shape and anything like good batting was impossible. T. and W. Swan, College Old Boys, scored 30 and 13 respectively for the visitors. Dunbar and T. Swan made short work of the Saints, the former getting 6 for 14 and the latter 3 for 14. Crawford did the best bowling of the day, taking 5 of our opponents wickets for 8 runs. McPherson with 8 was the highest scorer for S. A. C.

A brilliant and rather unexpected victory was earned on May 30th, when the College team journeyed to Mimico for the first all

day match of the year. The result was of two distinctive features in regard to our Eleven: Firstly, it being the only time we have been victorious over the Mimico C. C., and, secondly, the excellent not out inning of 51 by Beaty in the latter part of the game. Some very fine batting was witnessed, as Vaz and Smith both also got 25, while for Mimico, Wright got 63 not out. "Pete" Large made his debut on the first team by hitting 12 runs of the first 3 balls. Also 417 runs was the result of 6 hours' playing. The weather was poor

Stephen's Photo.

An Enthusiast.

for cricket, as it drizzled often, but there were no delays. The following is the detailed score, S. A. C. winning by 11 runs and 5 wickets:

MIMICO C. C. (1st Innings.)

J. W. Ruttan, c. Clark, b. McPherson	12
R. Maxwell, b. Smith	33
F. W. Terry, b. Crump	12
S. Doddrige, c. Crump, b. Smith	1
T Scott, b. Crump	0
J. Wright, b. McPherson	16

A. Hapton, c. McTaggart, b. Crump	2
J. Peddie, l. b. w., b. McPherson	4
J. McNeil, l. b. w., b. Crump	0
C. Clarkson, not out	0
H. Shephard, b. Crump	9
B. 1, L. B. 2	3
Total	92

S. A. C. (1st Innings).

Smith, c. McNeil, b. Doddrige	25
Crump, c. Wright, b. Doddrige	9
Vaz, run out	0
McPherson, b. Doddrige	7
Clark, b. Doddrige	2
Beaty, b. McNeil	14
Webber, b. Doddrige	1
Crawford, b. McNeil	7
Cassells, not out	4
Large, c. Wright, b. Doddrige	19
McTaggart, stumped	4
B. 6, L. B. 7	13
Total	105

Mimico C. C. (2nd Innings.)

Terry, b. Smith	10
Wright, not out	63
Ruttan, b. Vaz	4
Doddrige, not out	32
Extras	0
*Total (2 wickets)	109

*Innings declared closed.

S. A. C. (2nd Innings.)

Smith, b. Terry	1
Crump, b. Terry	0
Vaz, c. Ruttan, b. Maxwell	25
Cassells, run out	0

Beaty, not out	51
Large, c. and b. Maxwell	11
McPherson, not out	6
B. 9, L. B. 2, W. 1, N. B. 1	13
Total (5 wickets)	107

TORONTO UNIVERSITY vs. ST. ANDREW'S.

Varsity entertained the College cricketers in a friendly game on June 2nd. The Varsity eleven had among its members W. W. Wright and A. H. Gibson, of International fame, and these two, coming in when three wickets had been taken at small cost, made a determined stand, and L. Greene also followed with some good batting, our opponents declaring with 134 for 4 wickets. S. A. C. then replied with 84 for 8 by careful batting, thus making the result a draw. Vaz, Smith, Crawford and Clarke all reached double figures for St. Andrew's. The score:

VARSITY.

S. Beatty, c. sub., b. Vaz	0
S. Brown, run out	0
Wright, W. W., c. Crawford, b. McPherson	27
Mills, b. McPherson	4
Gibson, A. H., not out	73
Greene, L., not out	20
B. 6, l.b. 3, w. 1	10
*(4 wickets)	134

*Innings declared closed.

S. A. C.

Vaz, c. Beatty, b. Brown	11
Cassells, b. Brown	0
Smith, b. Wright	13
Beaty, b. Wright	8
Gooderham, b. Wright	0
Ferguson, c. and b. Brown	2
Crawford, b. Brown	12
McPherson, b. Brown	4

Webber, not out	4
Clarke, not out	10
B. 17, l.b. 3	20
(8 wickets)	84

S.A.C. bowling: McPherson, 2 for 31; Vaz, 2 for 38; Crawford, 0 for 17; Smith, 0 for 38.

T. C. S. vs. ST. ANDREW'S.

The annual school game with T. C. S. was played on June 4th on the College grounds, and at the conclusion of a closely-fought contest the visitors proved the victors by 10 runs. The victory for Trinity can be directly attributed to Conyers, who performed in a sterling manner. The wicket just suited him, and his bowling was deadly. His great speed made the ball bounce and shoot in a bewildering way, it being very difficult to hit his loose balls. Crawford and McPherson for S. A. C. carried off the bowling honors, and Ferguson did the best hitting. Conyers also scored 16 runs in each inning. Both teams fielded well, Beaty making the best catch of the day, a low drive to the left, at square-leg.

T. C. S.—First Inning.

Tucker, b. Crawford	7
Laing, b. Crawford	0
Conyers, c. Beaty, b. McPherson	16
McCauley, b. McPherson	1
Martin, b. McPherson	12
Lumsden, b. Crawford	0
Wylde, b. McPherson	9
Bethune, not out	11
Fiskin, b. McPherson	0
Bath, b. Crawford	4
Lindsay, b. Crawford	7
L.b.	2
Total	60

S. A. C.—First Inning.

Vaz, run out	10
Cassells, c. Bath, b. Martin	8
Smith, c. Wylde, b. Martin	6
Beaty, b. Conyers	0
Crawford, l.b.w., b. Conyers	4
Fergusson, c. McCauley, b. Conyers	6
Gooderham, b. Conyers	0
Webber, b. Conyers	3
Large, c. Lumbers, b. Conyers	4
McPherson, not out	0
Clarke, b. Conyers	0
L.b. 1, w. 1	2
Total	43

S. A. C. bowling: McPherson, 5 for 31; Crawford, 5 for 27.
For T. C. S., Conyers took 7 for 15.

T. C. S.—Second Inning.

McCauley, b. Crawford	1
Tucker, c. Vaz, b. Crawford	1
Conyers, b. Crawford	16
Martin, c. Beaty, b. Crawford	0
Laing, c. Gooderham, b. McPherson	5
Bethune, c. Ferguson, b. Smith	0
Lindsay, b. Crawford	1
Bath, c. Smith, b. McPherson	1
Lumsden, c. Large, b. McPherson	1
Wylde, not out	6
Fiskin, c. Vaz, b. McPherson	7
B. 2, l.b. 1, w. 2	5
Total	44

S. A. C.—Second Inning.

Vaz, c. Fiskin, b. Conyers	4
McPherson, b. Conyers	7
Smith, b. Martin	3
Beaty, b. Conyers	0
Crawford, b. Conyers	2

Large, c. Laing, b. Conyers	3
Fergusson, not out	17
Webber, b. Conyers	2
Gooderham, b. Martin	0
Cassells, b. Conyers	0
Clarke, c. Laing, b. Martin	5
B.	5
Total	51

S. A. C. bowling: Crawford, 5 for 19; McPherson, 4 for 11; Smith, 1 for 9.

For T. C. S., Conyers got 7 for 17.

S. A. C. vs. RIDLEY.

On June the 8th St. Catharines was invaded by the College eleven, but without success, as the Ridley boys meted out a rather severe defeat to the supporters of the Crimson and White, winning by an inning and 23 runs. B. R. C. gave a good exhibition of batting, although our bowling was off-color, and compiled 140 runs for their ten wickets. The Saints tried hard to overcome this formidable score, but 67 and 50 were the best that could be secured off the bowling of Tidy and Jarvis. The College team also received a warm reception in another way, for which they are extremely grateful, and altogether, even if the main object of the journey turned out in a disappointing way, an enjoyable day was spent. For Ridley, Barnum was top score, with 38, while Gooderham got 21, not out, for S. A. C. The score:

S. A. C.—First Inning.

Vaz, l. b. w., b. Tidy	0
Cassells, c. Barnum, b. Jarvis	0
Smith, c. and b. Tidy	18
McPherson, l. b. w., b. Tidy	0
Beaty, b. Tidy	1
Fergusson, b. Lee	14
Crawford, c. Woolworth, b. Lee	0
Gooderham, not out	21
Large, b. Lee	0
Webber, c. and b. Tidy	5

Clarke, c. Lee, b. Tidy	7
N. b.	1
Total	67

S. A. C.—Second Inning.

Webber, c. Morani, b. Tidy	2
Crawford, c. Woolworth, b. Jarvis	1
Smith, b. Jarvis	2
McPherson, b. Jarvis	8
Gooderham, c. Lee, b. Jarvis	0
Fergusson, c. Cronyn, b. Jarvis	15
Beaty, c. Tidy, b. Jarvis	1
Vaz, b. Taylor	8
Cassells, b. Taylor	0
Clarke, stumped	1
Large, not out	9
B.	3
Total	50

Ridley.

Jarvis, b. McPherson	0
Cronyn, stumped, b. Smith	17
Taylor, c. Smith, b. McPherson	0
Lee, b. Smith	11
Tidy, b. Crawford	21
Barnum, b. Crawford	38
Daniel, l. b. w., b. Crawford	24
Blake, b. Smith	6
Morani, c. Large, b. Crawford	3
Mix, c. Vaz, b. Crawford	0
Woolworth, not out	9
B. 7, l.b. 2, n.b. 2	11
Total	140

S. A. C. bowling: Crawford, 5 for 44; Smith, 3 for 38; McPherson, 2 for 37; Vaz, 0 for 10.

THE SECOND ELEVEN

THE season of nineteen hundred and ten has been successful practically in every way. Of the five contests played, three have been won and two lost, which, with one more to take place, ensures a good record.

The first game, against St. Alban's Cricket Club, was held on May 7th, and ended in a win for the visitors by 70 to 57. For S. A. C. Crawford shone at batting, with 20 runs, and also led the bowling, securing 5 wickets for 25 runs.

The following Saturday, Rosedale II. came up to play the College team. The weather was very unsuitable for cricket, and low scores resulted. Rosedale, batting first, were dismissed for 28, mainly due to Sutherland's bowling, he taking 7 wickets for 10 runs. S. A. C., in their turn, piled up 40. Wilson III. topped the list with 14.

The first school game was played at Port Hope on May 21st against T. C. S. II., and was won by the very narrow margin of two runs. That and the cordial reception accorded to our team were the two most important things from an S. A. C. standpoint. Evans was elected Captain before the commencement, and followed this up by making top scores.

T. C. S.—First Inning.

Bath, run out	5
Armour, b. Frith II.	0
Roberts, b. Frith II.	0
Clark, c. Leishman, b. Frith II.	5
Shepherd, b. Sutherland	2
Lumsden II., b. Sutherland	6
Grey, c. Nicol, b. Frith II.	2
Nelles, not out	9
Ince I., b. Sutherland	1
Lumsden I., b. Sutherland	0
Ross, c. Evans, b. Frith II.	0
B. 2, l.b. 1, w. 1	4
Total	34

S. A. C.—First Inning.

Leishman, c. Ince, b. Grey	0
McCarter, run out	0
Nicol, c. Ross, b. Grey	1
Wilson III., c. Ince, b. Lumsden	1
Evans, c. Roberts, b. Lumsden	6
McTaggart, c. Nelles, b. Grey	0
Large, b. Lumsden	8
Frith II., b. Grey	2
McPherson I., c. Roberts, b. Grey	2
Jackson, not out	3
Sutherland, c. Shepherd, b. Grey	1
Extras	0
Total	24

S. A. C. bowling: Frith II., 5 for 13; Sutherland, 4 for 17.

T. C. S.—Second Inning.

Bath, c. Jackson, b. Frith II.	9
Nelles, b. Sutherland	1
Roberts, c. McCarter, b. Frith II.	4
Clark, b. Frith II.	0
Lumsden II., b. Sutherland	3
Grey, b. Sutherland	2
Armour, c. Wilson, b. Sutherland	2
Ince, b. Sutherland	8
Lumsden I., b. Leishman	1
Shepherd, c. Leishman, b. Sutherland	0
Ross, not out	1
W.	1
Total	32

S. A. C.—Second Inning.

Leishman, c. Shepherd, b. Grey	0
McCarter, b. Roberts	6
Nicol, c. Ince, b. Lumsden	5
Wilson III., c. Ince, b. Lumsden	0
Evans, c. Lumsden, b. Roberts	11
McTaggart, hit wicket	3

Large, b. Grey	1
Frith II., b. Grey	11
McPherson, c. Ross, b. Roberts	5
Jackson, not out	1
Sutherland, c. Lumsden, b. Grey	0
B.	1
Total	44

S. A. C. bowling: Sutherland, 6 for 15; Frith, 3 for 14; Leishman, 1 for 0.

On May 28th the Pioneers defeated the Seconds by 69 to 36. S. A. C.'s highest score was 8 runs, made by Captain Evans. Barford, for the visitors, got 7 wickets for 28.

The annual game with Upper Canada Seconds took place on June 4th, on the U. C. C. grounds. This was also won by twelve runs, the Saints earning the verdict by good all-round playing. This is the third successive time that the College Seconds have defeated the "Boys in Blue." The score follows, and will suffice to show that Sutherland's bowling was a distinct feature. The team wishes to thank the U. C. C. team for the enjoyable time spent.

S. A. C.—First Inning.

McCarter, c. Garvey, b. Palmer	0
Frith II., c. Raymond, b. Tuck	0
Evans, b. Dennehy	10
Wilson III., c. Caldwell, b. Tuck	3
Patterson I., b. Hargraft	1
McTaggart, c. Dennehy, b. Hargraft	1
McPherson, c. Palmer, b. Hargraft	0
Jackson, b. Tuck	2
Risteen, c. Dennehy, b. Hargraft	14
Leishman, not out	4
Sutherland, b. Grant	0
B. 2, n.b. 2	4
Total	39

U. C. C.—First Inning.

Hargraft, b. Sutherland	0

Caldwell, c. McPherson, b. Sutherland	5
Tuck, c. McPherson, b. Sutherland	0
Palmer, b. Sutherland	1
Dennehy, c. McCarter, b. Sutherland	0
Raymond, c. and b. Frith II.	3
Grant, c. Leishman, b. Sutherland	1
Pipon, not out	6
Garvey, b. Sutherland	4
Clark, c. Leishman, b. Sutherland	0
Ellis, c. McPherson, b. Frith II.	6
Extras	0
Total	26

S. A. C. bowling: Sutherland, 8 for 11; Frith II., 2 for 15.

S. A. C.—Second Inning.

Patterson I., b. Tuck	3
Evans, c. Palmer, b. Grant	12
Risteen, c. Pipon, b. Grant	8
Frith II., b. Grant	5
Wilson III., c. Clark, b. Tuck	3
Leishman, c. Palmer, b. Grant	6
Sutherland, c. and b. Grant	3
McTaggart, c Clark, b. Hargraft	23
McPherson, c. and b. Grant	0
Jackson, c. and b. Grant	0
McCarter, not out	1
Byes	4
Total	68

U. C. C.—Second Inning.

Tuck, c. McPherson, b. Frith II.	20
Caldwell, c. Evans, b. Sutherland	9
Palmer, b. Leishman	6
Ellis, c. McTaggart, b. Sutherland	1
Grant, run out	1
Raymond, c. Evans, b. Sutherland	0
Hargraft, b. Frith II.	8

Pipon, run out	5
Garvey, c. Patterson, b. Frith	2
Dennehy, not out	13
Clark, b. Frith	0
B. 3, l.b. 1	4
Total	69

The leading batting and bowling averages to date are as follows:

—Batting.—

	Inn.	Not out.	Runs.	Highest Score.	Ave
Evans	7	0	57	12	8.14
Frith II.	7	0	36	14	5.14
McTaggart	6	0	30	23	5.00

—Bowling.—

	Overs.	Mds.	Runs.	Wkts.	Ave
Sutherland	63.2	9	114	34	3.35
Frith II.	56.0	11	100	18	5.55
Patterson I.	6.0	0	18	3	6.00
Leishman	6.5	3	13	2	6.50

Exchanges

THE *B. B. C. Magazine,* from Bishop Bethune College, is very neatly arranged and contains some excellent poems. "The Descent of Night at Sea" and "The Hen" being specially good.

The *St. Margaret's Chronicle* is perhaps our most welcome exchange; the cuts are particularly interesting. It also contains some very good stories.

We are always glad to receive *College Echoes* from Tientsin, Anglo-Chinese College, China.

Acta Ridleiana," from Ridley, is one of our most interesting exchanges, its articles, jokes and illustrations being all of the very best.

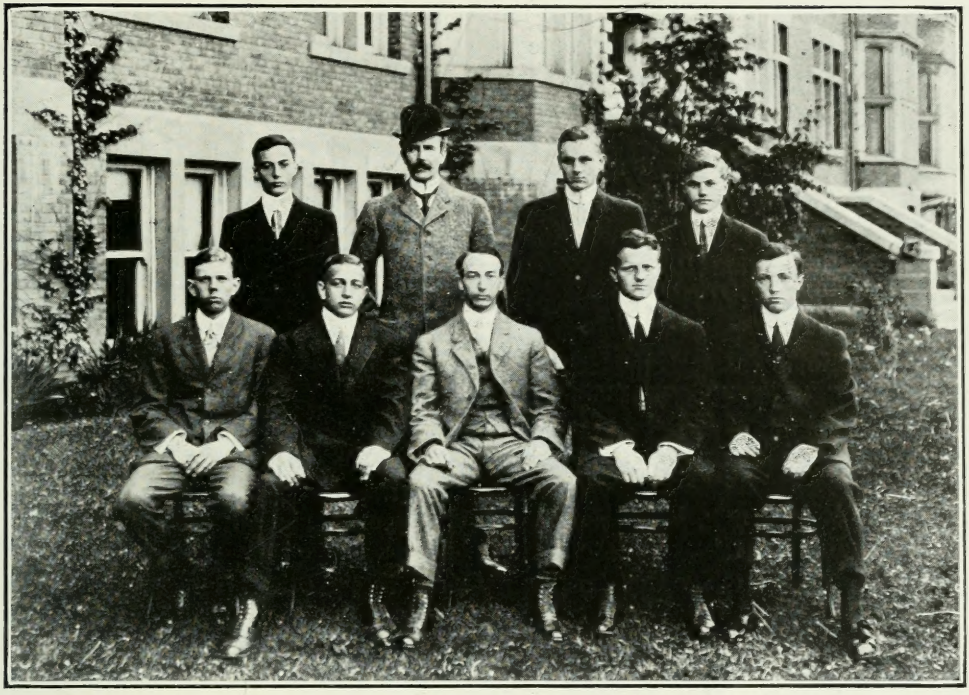
The Trinity College School Record, though fulfilling the function of a diary, would be of more cosmopolitian interest if it had a few illustrations, a story or two, or even an exchange column.

The Dalhousie Gazette and *The Acadia Athenaeum,"* hailing from the Maritime Provinces, are two very welcome exchanges. Both, however, might be improved by a few illustrations.

The McMaster University Monthly is a very interesting magazine, and contains some good articles. "Flora of Dominion City" in the March issue being particularly worthy of mention.

The Calendar, from the Central High School, Buffalo, is a first-class paper, its jokes and stories being of a high order.

We wish to acknowledge with thanks the following exchanges: *The Varsity,* University of Toronto; *The Western Canada College Review,* Calgary, Alberta; *The Quill,* Alcuin Prep. School, N. Y.; *The Queen's University Journal,* Kingston, Ont.; *The Easterner,* Eastern High School, Washington, D.C.; *The Albanian,* St. Alban's School, Brockville.



Officers Literary Society, 1909-10.

CRIBBED FROM EXCHANGES

PROFESSOR (at Law Convocation): "This University has always been closely connected with the bar." (Wild applause from the thirsty ones at the back.)

'Twas in a restaurant they met,
One Romeo and Juliet,
'Twas then he first fell into debt,
For Rom*eo'd* what Juli*et*.—*Ex.*

Teacher: "What makes the Tower of Pisa lean?"
Pupil: "It was built during a famine."

Master: "The three boys in the front seat were the only ones to get correct answers in the examination."
Voice (from rear): "Good team work."

If college bred means four years loaf,
(Some people say 'tis so)
Ah, tell me where the flour is found
By one who needs the dough?—*Ex.*

Visitor: "Tommy, I wish to ask you a few questions."
Tommy: "Yes, sir."
Visitor: "If I give you the sentence: The pupil loves his teacher —what is that?"
Tommy: "That's sarcasm."

Uncle (after bouncing nephew on knee): "Well, Johnny, and how did you like that?"
Johnny: "Fine, but I had a ride on a real donkey the other day!"

Reporter: "What shall I say of the man who got killed in a folding bed?"
Editor: "Say that he was gathered into the fold."

Tommy: "Say, pa—"
Pa: "I told you not to ask any more questions."
Tommy: "I know, but my Sunday School teacher says I'm made of dust. Am I?"
Pa: "No; if you were you'd dry up occasionally."

A certain young man from Gibraltar,
Once led an old maid to the altar,
When she lifted her veil,
He let out a wail,
And hollered, "It's me for a halter!"—*Ex.*

"Well!" sighed the boy, as he paid for the frankfurter, "another nickel gone to the dogs."

THE HEN.

Welcome, wild north-easter!
Shame it is to see
Odes to every zephyr
Ne'er a verse to thee!

—CHARLES KINGSLEY.

Not the wild north-easter
Shall be sung to-day,
But the toothsome chicken
In a limping lay.
Geese have saved a city,
So 'tis sung of yore;
And the crowing night-bird
Did the Rock restore.
But the clucking female
Ne'er in prose or song
Wins a single stanza
All the ages long.
She's the blushing flower,
She's the priceless gem,
That's by man forgotten
This long-neglected hen.
Who can tell her virtues,
Or the eggs she lays,
Who recount her merits,
Of her winning ways?
Who could sip an egg-nog
Source of strength to men,
Who a plum-cake fashion
If we lacked the hen?
What would be an omelette
Made of parsley green,
Ham and eggs would vanish
If no hen were seen.
Lessons too she teacheth
Cackling on her way,
Glad to do her duty
Glad for us to lay.
Sing we then unto her
Gallinaceous bird,
Loud o'er hill and valley
Let her praise be heard.

—*B. B. C. Magazine.*

Ma: "When did you write William last?"
Pa: "Wait till I get my check-book."

WHAT DID SHE MEAN?

He: "I would kiss you if we were not in a canoe."
She: "Sir! I wish to be taken ashore instantly."

Freshie (in trouble with faculty): "What would you do if you were in my shoes?"
Unsympathetic Junior: "Get a shine."

Self-government girl (to boy culprit): "May I have your name please?"
Boy: "Oh, how sudden!"

"Perpetual motion's here,
Yes, it's come,
Just watch a dainty little dear,
Chewing gum."—*Ex.*

Keep your temper, no one else want's it.

Professor (to young lady): "Your mark is very low, and you have just passed."
Young lady: "Oh, I'm so glad."
Professor (surprised): "Why?"
Young lady: "I do so love a tight squeeze."

Diner: "Is there any soup on the bill-of-fare?"
Waiter: "No, sir—there was, but I wiped it off."

BROKE.

Broke, broke, broke,
I have squandered the uttermost sou,
And have failed in my efforts to utter
One trivial, last I O U.

Oh, well for the infant in arms,
That for ducats he need not fret;
Oh, well for the placid corpse,
That has settled his final debt.

And dun after dun comes in,
Each bringing his little account;
And, oh, for the touch of a five dollar bill
Or a cheque for a larger amount.

Broke, broke, broke,
My course as a student is run,
I'll back to my childhood's home and act
The role of the prodigal son.

—*McGill Martlett.*

He: "All women are beautiful."
She: "Yes, naturally."
He: "No, artificially."—*Ex.*

BEFORE AND AFTER.

When the donkey saw the zebra
He began to switch his tail.
"Well, I never," was his comment;
"Here's a mule that's been in jail."—*Ex.*

Little Nellie: "O, mamma! There's a man in the nursery kissing the governess!"

"April Fool, mamma! It's only papa!" called the little maid, as her mother started for the nursery.

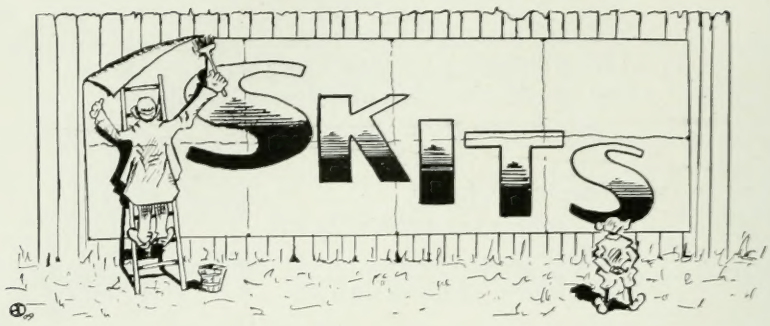
Wife: "That vicious dog next door bit mother again this morning, and I'd like to know what you're going to do about it"

Husband: "I'll ask him how much he wants for the dog."—*Tit-Bits.*

"Ha, Ha!" cried the wise-counselling Ulysses, as he planted an arrow in the jaw of the leading suitor. "Here's where I bust up an eating joint."—*Yale Record.*

Young Man (to sweetheart): "I press my suit on bended knee."

Young Lady (icily): "Haven't you an ironing board?"



"WHEN 'Omer smote his bloomin' lyre,
He'd heard men sing on land and sea;
And what he thought he might require
He went and took it—same as me."

Now that Capt. Evans has taken the Cadet Corps in hand Gooderham has more time to devote to his matriculation work.

Joe says that a joke is all right in its place, and that if the name of his girl friend appears in this REVIEW he will sit up all night scratching it out—even if he has to do the 750 copies alone. All our heroes are not dead yet.

No, you are mistaken. Risteen is not going to buy a new trunk to take back his medals and cups. He has a better way. Going to give them to all his Vancouver girl friends, and when he gets home all that is necessary is a little quarrel with each and all his silverware will be returned—free transportation.

Shook (after the sixth postponement): "If there is anything I like better than a championship wrestling bout it is no bout at all."

Bob Hastey: "We have only two more Saturdays now, and I don't want to take any chances in being gated, for there is to be another picnic at Leaside, and you can bet I want to be there."

McKinley has given up coming to class now, for he says that the masters are not pushing the class ahead fast enough, and besides he is tutoring himself. Jack, will you be back next year?—V. B.

Mr. Magee (in L. II.): "Sit up, there, Rennie and Smoke!"

Nick (as he makes a good jump at the sports): "Oh, if 'The Empress' could only see me now!"

Hanna (to newly arrived Costa Rican): "How's the world treating you, old skate?"

Costa Rican (violently gesticulating): "No!—no sabbe English!"

Hanna: "Oh, don't worry about that, fellah, you'll soon learn!"

Mr. Findlay (in L. VI. Literature): "Tired, Allan?"

Allan: "Um-hum!"

J. J. E.: "Now that I am captain of the seconds, I suppose I won't be able to play on the firsts any more."

The Thin Red Line—Scott in his cadet uniform.

Chuck(in V. B., with swelling chest): "Well, fellows, I am getting up now at 5 o'clock in the morning to study. I guess that ought to surprise my people."

Five B.: "I guess it will, Chuck; but who supplies the matches? Is there any draught going out at that hour?"

Notice to Lady Friends.—Joe Wilson will be unable to accept any invitations to picnics. Ever since the last picnic he has been just full of fun, and we knew it would have to break out some time soon. Oh, you measles!

McGoogan has been scanning the papers, including *Le Temps,* for a trunk sale—$1.39 is his limit.

Wilson III.: "We can't keep a bellboy around here. We had a ringer and someone told (tolled) on him and he resigned."

Rufus McKinley is trying to borrow an alarm clock. He says if he gets up early he will have more time to figure how he can most easily waste the school hours away and yet give the masters the idea that he is in danger of brain fever.

Nicol says: "I've been to China once, and if I ever go again I'll take the 'Empress.'"

Nicol: "I am sorry that I did not take wrestling. Oh, you picnics!"

Squad number! One! Two! Three! Four! These fellows are soldiers, but they should be firemen—they're not afraid of smoke.

When one gets two hours off his leave because the cook tried to pin the pie crusts together with a black-headed pin, Fat Foster says he fails to see the point.

The boys at Ginger's table have all agreed that Rufus is not to receive his mail—especially from Whitby—until after dinner, for, after reading it three or four times, he forgets to eat.

When this REVIEW is issued Anderson II. will have received his second bath. We offer our congratulations to the lower flat boys.

In regard to the midsummer issue of THE REVIEW, the editors have all been warned that none of Joe's friends' names are to be mentioned. His name was in the Easter REVIEW and it caused some trouble. Please note this before going to press.

McMullen—The Modern Ananias.

Shook: "Did you hear about me filling Chuck's hat full of water?"
Dummy: "No, I didn't."
Shook: "Well, I guess it hasn't leaked out yet."

"We cannot all be cabin passengers in the voyage of life. Some must be before the mast." So MacGoogan is going home by train.

Matheson, a week before examinations, says: "In the bright lexicon of youth there is no such word as fail."

"He was so gaunt that the case of a flageolet would have been a mansion for him."—Veggy Scott.

"Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness!"—Matheson, June 21st, 1910.

"How poor are they that have no patience! How many more days of school?"—Hastey.

"Let us gather around the festive board."—St. Andrew's, 6 p.m. and 5.30 Sundays.

Chuck: "A little learning is a dangerous thing."

"Silence is deep as eternity; speech is shallow as time." Foster has plenty of time.

"Van der Linde, I wish to see you in my office after prayers."

"And silence, like a poultice, comes
To heal the sound of blows."

Biscuits and milk are fine for the matriculants, but some fellows are not satisfied with enough and want to make a banquet out of a light lunch.

McKeen II. (reading his composition): "He gave the man a good, substantial 20c. meal ticket."

Mr. M. (who has just come into room 27 after lights): "Who came in here last?"

Somerville I.: "You did, sir!"

Some of the latest books are:

Health and Suggestion—by Gooderham I.

The Eternal Fires—by Messrs. Jackson, Foster and Bicknell.

An Interview—by Shook.

Three Plays—by Pretty Sidney, who relates some vivid baseball incidents.

Studies in Wives—by Rufus McKinley, the college woman-hater.

The Undesirable Governess—by Nicol, who herein relates some of his experiences at picnics.

The Beast—by McGoogan, who describes the bull wonderfully well. His numerous adjectives are well worth noticing.

College Humor—Perhaps Branksome.

A new German professor in a girls' college, wishing to detain one of the students, said: "Miss S——, may I hold you a minute after class?"

Foolish Question.

Foster (to Montgomery, who is all bound up and can only see out of one eye, owing to the bandages): "Oh, are you hurt?"

Monty: "No—not at all; just trying to keep warm."

It is hard to make an old dog believe that he can learn a new trick, but still Chuck has a chance to master trigonometry.

Since Diddy Wilson has been confined to the sick room he has become deeply interested in one of the latest books, "From the Bottom Up."

The All-Important Question.

The Graduate: "Well, dad, I'm educated. What next?"—*Life.*

At the Play Houses.

Academy of Music—Stately Gooderham in "The Chorus Lady," a laughable farce.

Bijou—"The Lottery Man," very laughable comedy in two acts, with "Hank" McKeen in title role.

Grand—"The Chocolate Soldier," very musical, with Coney Shook starring, appearing without make-up.

Royal Alexandra—"A Bachelor's Baby," pleasant comedy, with Freddie Davison starring.

Star—"A Matinee Idol," a musical farce, Doc Isaacs taking the leading part.

Majestic—"The Spendthrift," showing masculine extravagance well staged, Sid Smith featuring.

Students studying sometimes
Applauding arriving athletes associating
Cupid's cunning capers.

Mr. F.: "Where did you get this story, Bicknell?"

Bicknell: "I made it up, sir, but I got the plot from 'Casey at the Bat.'"

Mr. F. (in Upper Sixth): "Oh, yes, MacKeen, you had better write. Write just for the fun of it."

Paisley: "That's what I'm doing, sir!"

Mr. F.: "Is that so?"

Paisley: "Yes, sir, I'm writing Skits."

Waterous (referring to visit of Sir Ernest Shackleton): "If he had given us a whole holiday I would have called him a duke."

Mr. L.: "MacKeen, translate 'habeas corpus.'"

MacKeen: "Reduce the body."

Ross II. (in Latin class): "Suffragium means votes for women."

Mr. M.: "Cooper, lend me your book."

Voice from back of room: "Two quarters, no book."

Mr. T. (to Wilson III.): "Well, do it now."

Goodman: "And do it well."

Mr. F. to Martin II.: "You talk as though you were wearing a muzzle."

Because Sir Ernest Shackleton's name is Ernest H. there is no reason why Ginger should insist upon writing his name all over everything.

The boys have become quite proficient in Spanish since the arrival of our three friends from Mexico, especially in the part of the vocabulary that a man uses after he has hit his finger with a hammer.

Rutter has a proof that he is sure that he will be able to get his matriculation. He has worked over twenty of the past papers and cannot do a single question, hence this year's paper must contain some questions that he can do.

Ward Greer (going out to parade): "Are my kilts low enough or do my interference pads show?"

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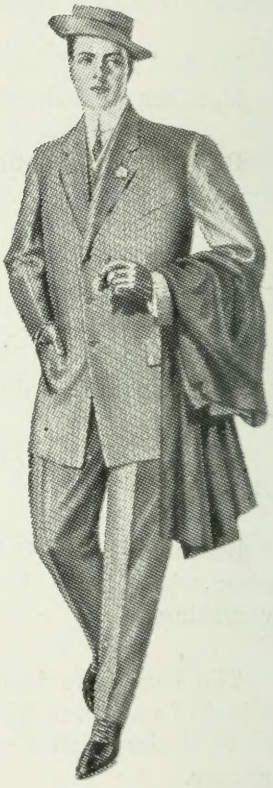

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Since the comet has been blamed for all sorts of bad weather, disasters and sickness, there is no reason why those who fail in their matriculation cannot also blame the comet for their failure. Give the devil his dues.

Oh, yes, Sid went down to the Woodbine. He took his rich uncle down and showed him how to "successfully play the ponies."

Van der Linde: "I don't care what you say, I like the *Ladies' Home Journal*. It covers a lot."

P.S.—Van had just been "fanned."

Gotch threw the Pole in 6½ seconds. McKnight and Paisley gave a longer spasm than that—but not better.

McGoogan (to Ginger, after Sports Day): "I got a letter. Did you draw a blank?"

And the nightwatchman lost his job. Well, for the benefit of those who come back late it is to be hoped that the next one will be a cripple; then he won't be able to leave the front door.

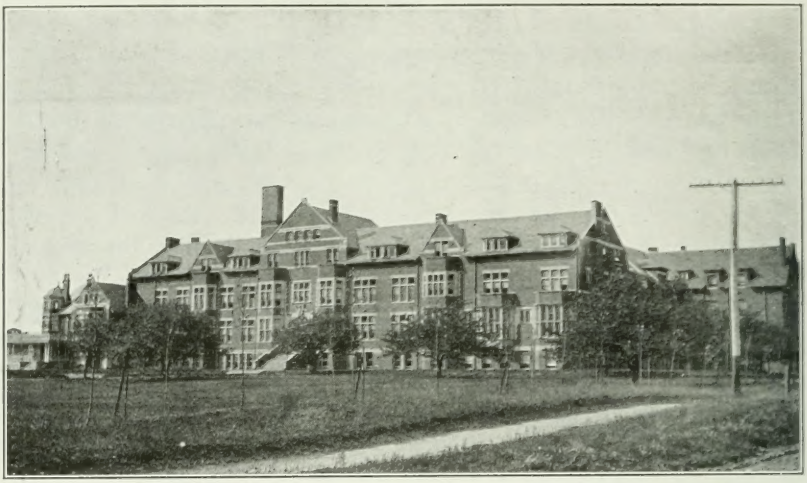
Now that Stately and Ginger have a piano in their room Stately plays the "March Past" every morning while Ginger inspects his display of tin soldiers on his desk.

How did Evans get out against the Pioneers? He saw something in the distance and got bold—but, strange to say, found it a-Greer-ble.

Something seemed to suit Beaty at Mimico. Anyway he earned a bat for making over 50 runs. However, contrary to report, he does not intend spelling his name without the E in future.

The boys all seemed to enjoy themselves at Mimico, and it was with the greatest difficulty that we managed to get Large and McCarter away again.

Smith III. (missing a catch): "Wake up, Katz."



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Why wouldn't the shutter of the camera work while the second eleven were having their photos taken? We hate to mention names, but oh, you Large!

Some boys didn't wish to play cricket because it prevented them from getting into the city on Saturday afternoons. Never mind girls, you can see them in the evening.

It's hard to be a stoic
And with fortitude heroic
Endure the thoughts of blighted hopes at 17 years of age.
But despite a heart that's breaking
(Well—anyway it's aching),
It appears athleticism will such inward pangs assuage.
So my mind, by donning flannels,
I'll divert to other channels,
And play cricket, though I had in view another kind of match.
I'll bowl down lightning swervers
And impress upon observers
That, although I couldn't catch my miss, I'll never miss my catch
When the cricket season's over
Then I'll play "point" or "rover,"
And disport myself in hockey in a manner that is deft,
And the love I thought to cherish
Will eventually perish,
And I'm sure that I shall feel all "right," though playing on the left.

Joe called her lily, pansy, rose,
And every other flower of spring.
She replied, "I can't be all of those,
So you li-lac everything."

Mr. F.: "Well, give an example of geometrical progression."
Montgomery I.: "The rate we are covering this algebra, sir."

Fraser (who has been told to stop talking): "Sir, I am not talking *now.*"

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Mr. M.: "Williams, have you studied your lesson for to-day?"
Williams: "I looked it over, sir."
Mr. M.: "No, you mean that you overlooked it."

Mr. T. (in arithmetic class): "If you want to find the number of shares of stock—Spohn put your foot down." (Wholesale enthusiasm on part of class.)

McKnight: "Sir, I have been in this form for three years and have never studied this stuff before."
Voice from behind: "That's why you have remained here."

THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE," ETC.

Wife: "What sort of a play would you like to see?"
Husband: "Something lively, that keeps you awake, and has plenty of music in it."
Wife: "Well, you'd better stay at home and take care of the baby."—*Life*.

DANGEROUS.

Little Daughter (reading): "In winter every animal puts on a new coat."
Father: "Don't speak so loudly, my pet. Mamma is in the next room."

The Girl (rather weary at 11.30 p.m.): "I don't understand a thing about baseball."
Joe: "Let me explain it to you."
The Girl: "Very well; give me an illustration of a home run."

A love letter is a lie addressed to one who doesn't want to know the truth.

Who would not be a barber?
No rival need he dread!
For he's sure in his profession
To stand always at the head.

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"Mabel, what are you doing with those field glasses?"

Gazing skyward: "Oh, I'm just looking for Coney; he said he would be down this evening."

Dingle (after looking for a gasoline leak in his motor boat): "We were the first that ever burst into that silent sea."

Fools get married and wise men stay married.

DINGLE.

Mighty, modern, model,
Oarless, often occupied,
Thousands, thoroughly tested,
Ornamented, ordered, operated,
Reliable, ready, required,

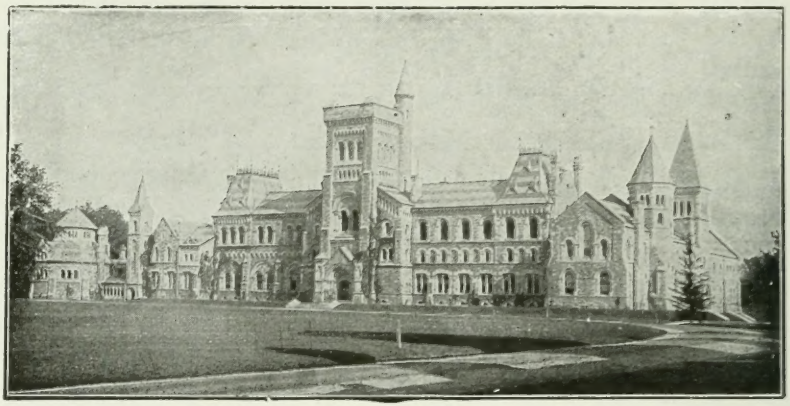
Balky, baneful bargains,
Output ordinarily obtained,
Attractive, acceptable, advantageous.
Tormenting, taxable tastes,
Speedy, serviceable, satisfactory.—*Life.*

To the moment that's the fleetest
  Hold it fast;
The first kiss is the sweetest—
  Make it last.

Tucker: "Gates is a chip of the old post."

HEARD IN GEOMETRY CLASS III. A.

Prove that a cat has three tails.
  No cat has two tails.
  One cat has one tail more than no cat,
  Therefore one cat has three tails.



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HEARD IN III. A.

Where are the locks of the Gates? Gates I. had a haircut.
Gouinlock: "An isosceles triangle is one with only two sides."

SPACING.

The parlor sofa holds the twain.
Miranda and her love-sick swain,
Heandshe.
But, hark! a step upon the stair,
And papa finds them sitting there,
He and she.—*Ex.*

Lennard (as master puts composition subject on the board, "Toronto Harbor"): "Sir, won't you put the Main Street of Dundas there?"

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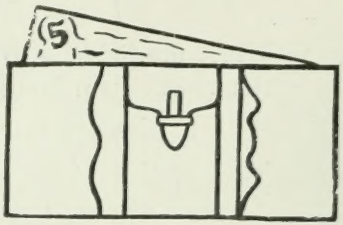

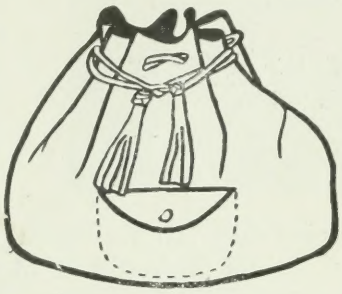

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